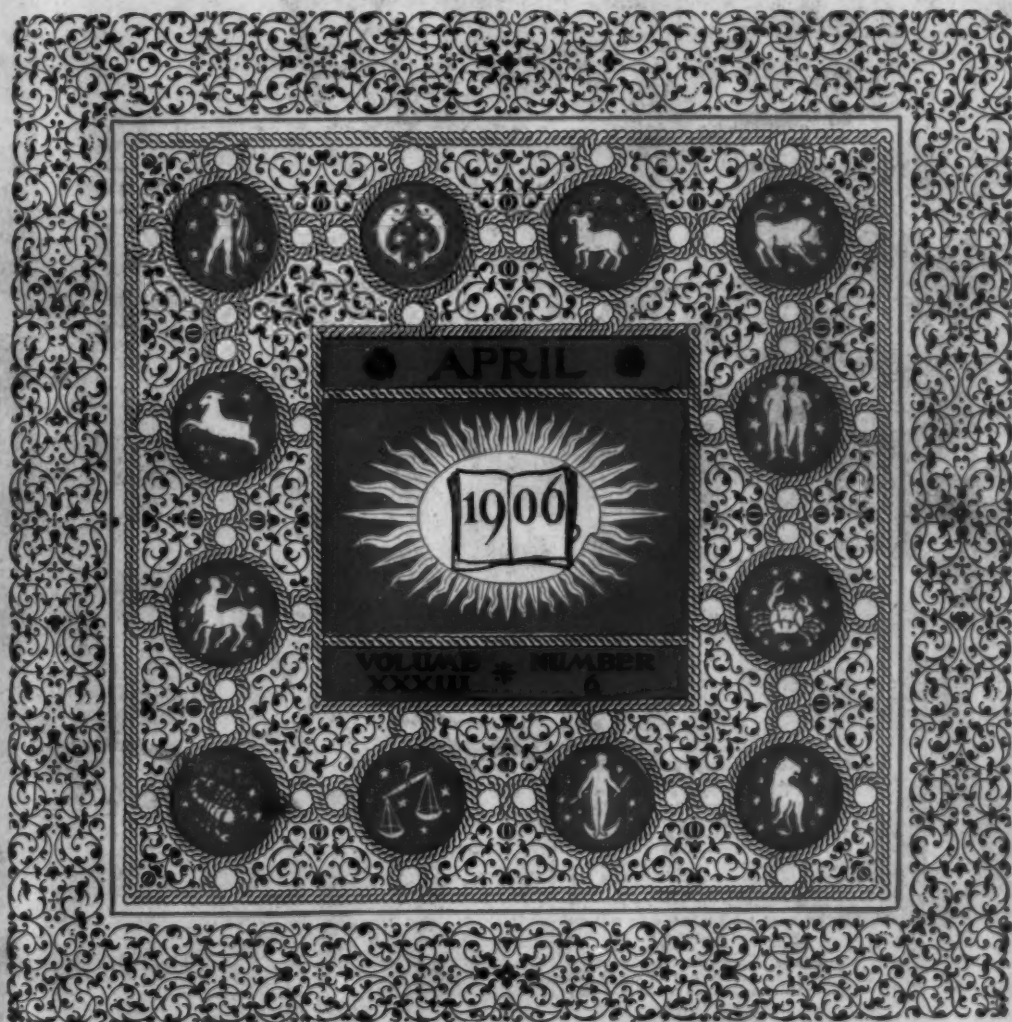


"THE LIGHTHOUSE-BUILDER'S SON"

(ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON)

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



MACMILLAN AND CO. LTD. ST. MARTIN'S ST. LONDON

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Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Little Cooking Lessons



Ham and Eggs.—Take a thin slice of Premium Ham, dip in cold water, lightly dry on a cloth, broil quickly over a hot fire. Put in frying pan a lump of butter and one of Silver Leaf lard sufficient to cover bottom of pan when melted. Break each egg into a saucer, then slide carefully into hot grease. Cook gently till desired degree of hardness is obtained. If cooked rapidly, grease becomes too hot and eggs will be dark around edges, whereas they should be milky white. Serve around Ham on a platter and garnish with sprigs of parsley. (If you use the ham grease for frying the eggs, they will be dark and greasy looking.)

Swift & Company,
U.S.A.

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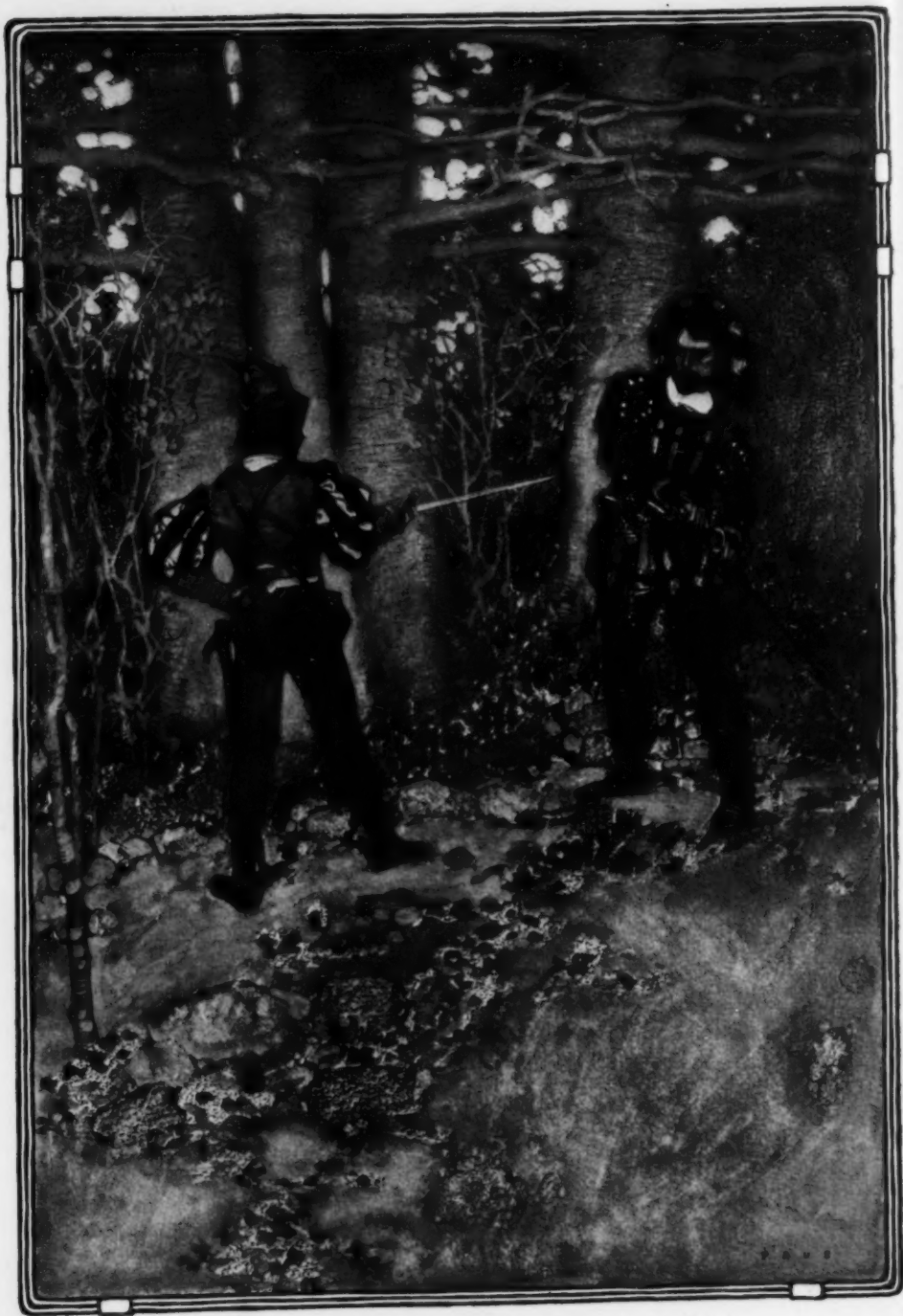
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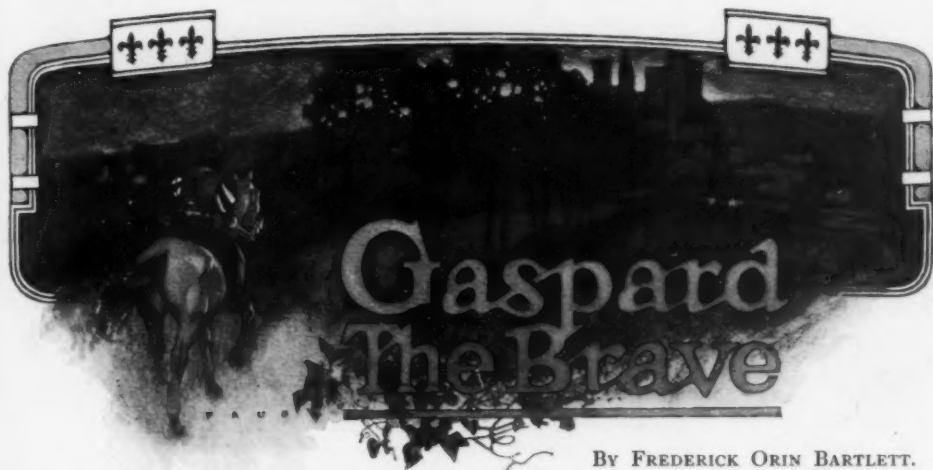
"ON GUARD!" CRIED GASPARD." (SEE PAGE 488.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXIII.

APRIL, 1906.

No. 6.



BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT.

I. THE FIGHT AT THE GATES.

"BUT the fight at the gates!" broke in Gaspard, impatiently. "Haste to the fight at the gates!"

Old Nicolas Berault looked at the slender lad at his side, his eyes brimming over with love and admiration. Perhaps he recalled his own hot youth, or perhaps he thought of the son he had lost in the wars, or perhaps it was just for the sake of old Coline, the lad's father, now dead—but, whatever the reason, Nicolas always hesitated about the fight at the gates.

The two were sitting in the sun, on a bench by the little white cottage. The old man sat a great deal in the sun of late, for his legs were so weak that he could hardly hobble about

even with his cane. The arm that had struck so many good blows for the King was now thin and palsied.

Gaspard sat by his side, tall, lithe, a youth in body, but a man in spirit. Nicolas had taught him to love his God, serve his King, and to honor all women. To help him do the last two things, he had also taught him to use the sword, so that few bearded men could equal him in skill. Already he had gained the title of "the Brave" among the village boys for having killed, unaided, a wild boar.

"Show me," exclaimed Gaspard, jumping to his feet and putting himself in defense with his wooden sword—"show me how you fought the man who waited at the gates for you!"

Nicolas rose stiffly, and held out his cane.

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"It was like this, Gaspard," and he thrust at the lad's heart. But Gaspard, with a quick turn of the wrist, sent the cane spinning across the road, and then, laughing merrily, ran after it and brought it back to Nicolas, who, with clouded face, had sat himself down again.

Gaspard rubbed his unbearded cheek against the old man's grizzly whiskers.

"Was it thus you slew him?" he asked, with a chuckle. And Nicolas's heart melted again, as it had many times before under such caresses.

"My arm did not then tremble as it now does," he replied.

"Nay! I know it well, good Nicolas; but was it stronger than mine now is?"

"Pooh! you are but a child," Nicolas burst forth, seeing where this questioning was leading him. "When I first went to the wars, I already had a goodly fringe upon my lip."

Gaspard slowly passed his forefinger over his upper lip. It was certain that, as yet, he could not boast of much there.

"That does not count!" he exclaimed impatiently. "'Tis the arm that counts. One does not fight with a mustachio, but a sword. Look, good Nicolas!"

Grasping his wooden weapon firmly, he pointed it steadily at a speck in the wall and held it there without a tremor for fifteen, twenty, twenty-five seconds. Nicolas's eyes glistened with pleasure, but he dared not express it save by a grunt.

"Is not that a man's feat?" demanded Gaspard.

Nicolas remained silent.

"Is not that a man's feat?" persisted the youth.

"Your sword is wooden," Nicolas mumbled.

Without a word, Gaspard flew into the house and soon returned with a sword, the scabbard of which was badly dented and scratched. He kissed it reverently before drawing the glittering blade.

"This is not of wood," he said, and without effort performed the same feat.

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed Nicolas. "*Ma foi!* that is well done. 'Tis true, lad, you have a man's arm, right steady and well-skilled; but your legs and chest are yet unformed."

The lad laid the sword gently on the bench.

"Would it take a man to run to the top of yonder hill and back ere the dial marks ten?"

Nicolas glanced at the weather-beaten marker of time, and saw that it lacked but a twentieth of the hour.

"Aye," he admitted; "and a strong man."

The lad was off as fleetly as a bird. Nicolas watched in wonder as he saw Gaspard cross the village and with unflagging speed mount the hill; watched with ever-growing wonder as he saw him return at the same speed, and stand at his side, breathing quickly but not yet exhausted.

Gaspard waited.

"I can say no more," mumbled Nicolas, reluctantly.

"Then I may carry the sword — my father's sword?"

"Your father said," Nicolas answered slowly, "that as soon as you had the strength to wield it with honor, to give it you. Thou hast the strength, Gaspard."

The lad knelt upon one knee, his face flushed with pride.

"I will take it only from your hands, good Nicolas."

Nicolas handed it to the lad and helped him to buckle it on.

"Bless me, father."

Nicolas placed his hand upon Gaspard's head.

"I bless thee, Gaspard."

Then bounding to his feet, the lad drew the glittering sword with a single mighty flourish, and holding it aloft, said steadily:

"And I, Gaspard, the son of Coline, swear that with this blade I will serve, with all my strength, my God, my King, and all women."

Nicolas trembled with joy, but a look of pain swiftly crossed his face.

"Aye, lad; but we serve best our King now by staying a little longer at home and growing yet stronger and swifter. So into the house for the noonday meal."

The remainder of the day, Gaspard was thoughtful. The clanking of the sword at his side inspired him with more than ordinary desire to leave this lazy village and mingle with men. Nicolas watched him uneasily, know-

ing this mood was but the forerunner — not in the least unexpected, however,—to a request he had often heard of late.

At sundown the two sat once again on the bench before the cottage. It was then that old François, a comrade of Nicolas's youth, hobbled up the rough village street and joined them.

"Hast heard the news?" he queried.

"Nay, good François. What might it be?" eagerly questioned the youth, who thought it might be tidings of some hard-fought battle.

"'T is rumored Black Renaud is thereabouts also."

Both Nicolas and Gaspard started. They were silent under the dread spell cast by that name. Black Renaud! It was a name to tremble at, if ever there was one. 'T was said he had killed foully more men than any other ten scoundrels in France; and in fair fight, a score more than any honest man. Once he had even tried to kill the King himself—so the report went, which shows what a very desperate villain he was considered to be.



"NICOLAS HELPED HIM TO BUCKLE IT ON."

"Why, the King and his Court are at Rouen, and like enough will pass through this very village on their way to Paris."

"The King?" cried Gaspard.

"Aye; and 't is said—old Jean, the minstrel, told me of it—that it is many years since he has been followed by so fine a Court."

"But a day's journey distant!"

"True, lad. Moreover, Jean, as an old friend, whispered another bit to me. Listen."

The old man glanced hastily around, and then stooping to the eager listeners, whispered:

"God grant Jean meet him not," said Nicolas, at length.

"If he do, God grant him forgiveness for his sins," added François.

Gaspard was gazing across the fields.

"Of what thinkest thou, lad?" asked François.

"That I go this night to see the King," replied the boy, rising.

"Tut! tut! What 's this? What 's this?" cried Nicolas.

Gaspard kneeled upon one knee at his feet.

"Good Nicolas, you will not say me nay. 'T is only for the matter of three days; and think, father, it is the King who is so near."

Nicolas looked up appealingly at François. The latter slowly nodded his head.

"T will do the lad good, Nicolas, to see something of the Court. *Ma foi*, if I were young again, I too would go!"

And so it was decided. It took Gaspard but a moment to change his garments; but when he stood before Nicolas to bid him farewell and saw the pain he was causing, all his pleasure seemed to vanish.

"I'll not go," he mumbled unsteadily, hanging his head.

Nicolas heard the words, and, though the lad knew it not, nothing he could have said would have given the old man such pleasure.

"Nay, Gaspard, go. But remember you have two things to defend — your title of 'the Brave' and the honor of your father's sword. God speed thee, Gaspard!"

"And have a care for Black Renaud!" added François.

Swiftly kissing Nicolas upon the lips, the lad turned upon his heel and ran. Who dare say that tears glistened in the eyes of Gaspard the Brave?

II. WHAT GASPARD HEARD.

GASPARD rested from his journey that night in a clump of bushes by the roadside, close by the hostelry of the King's Arms. He slept but fitfully. Once when he awoke he saw in the moonlight a group of horsemen in the road, almost within reach. They were talking in low tones with a certain dwarfish-looking man who had passed Gaspard on the road and had gone on to the inn. Their backs were toward him at first, but when they turned at sound of a twig he snapped in moving, the lad's face changed to an ashy pallor and his heart thumped as it had never thumped before; half instinctively, and half by gossiping description, Gaspard recognized the brutish features of Black Renaud in the group. They all remained silent till their leader's suspicions were aroused.

"'T is no place to talk," he growled.

"But on my oath," said the little man, "'t is the place and time for goodly plunder. In yonder inn lie an even dozen of courtiers whose pockets are as full of gold pieces as mine are of nothing."

"You fool!" hissed Renaud, "hast forgotten the mission we are on? Dost think that now, within twenty furlongs of the stake we play for, thou canst show me gold enough to run the danger of rousing the country-side? Bah! Hast done the work I bade you do?"

"Aye, sirrah," answered the old man, very humbly. Renaud lowered his head to the spy's lips, but Gaspard caught the sentence:

"To-morrow morn at eight the King rides afield by the woods of Gronville."

"Ah!" said Renaud, with marked satisfaction, "but rides not back again!"

The old man peered fearfully about him.

"You should not even whisper such words as those, Renaud."

The latter's lips curled in scorn, and Gaspard saw a set of teeth that looked like those in the mouth of a wolf.

"What hast thou to fear?" he asked. "If all goes well to-night, you receive your tenth of the prize."

"And if not?"

"Why, to-morrow night you receive your tenth of the rope!"

And with a laugh that sounded like a growl, he dug his spurs into his horse's sides and galloped down the road with his followers. For a moment the old man watched them, and then, muttering curses, hobbled back to the inn.

Hardly had he disappeared when Gaspard sprang to his feet, trembling like a leaf at thought of the villainous conspiracy he had just overheard. The King in danger! A plot to kill the King! He could scarcely grasp the idea. He knew that something must be done, but what? Should he rouse the inn? They would only laugh at him. He must get word to the King himself. But how? Here was the chance for Gaspard to prove himself. He ran lightly to the inn stable. Of one thing he was certain: he must get to Rouen as fast as he could. He passed the sleeping hostler and bridled the horse nearest the door. Then he mounted, and with one wild dash shot out into

the night, the cries of the astonished stableman ringing in his ears.

It was almost broad daylight when, well-nigh exhausted, he spurred his jaded horse into the outer court of the castle of De Moinville. At the foot of a broad flight of stone steps a half-dozen guards sat, laughing over a game of dice.



"HE SAW IN THE MOONLIGHT A GROUP OF HORSEMEN IN THE ROAD."

One of them, spying the lad, looked up from the game long enough to ask with a roar what he did there.

"I would see the King at once," panted Gaspard.

For a moment they all stared in astonishment at the boy who dared make so bold a request, and then burst into loud guffaws of laughter.

"To see the King?" cried the leader to his companions. "Jean, tell the King to come down at once!" And again they laughed.

Gaspard's face flushed in anger. "I must see the King! I have news of moment!"

"News of moment? I' faith, he would tell

his Majesty how on yestereve he tripped over his sword and bumped his nose!"

A chorus of laughter, louder than before, greeted this sally, and brought out from within a man dressed all in lace and gold.

"What means this noise?" he demanded angrily. "Do ye know ye are not in a tap-room, but before the castle wherein sleeps the King?"

At his appearance all had stood erect.

"My captain," said the leader, stepping forward and saluting, "this youth here —"

Gaspard himself now stepped forward.

"I would see the King, sir, and at once; but these men have only laughed at me!"

Even the captain smiled.

The fear that, after all, he might be too late swept over Gaspard.

"Ah, if you did but know!" he pleaded.

"It will soon be too late. As you love your King, let me pass!"

Gaspard made to step up the stairs, but his path was barred by the men. The captain motioned to let him pass and entered the hall with the lad.

"What is your tidings?" he asked.

His voice was that of a mother asking the trouble of her weeping child.

"What is your news, lad?" he repeated.

Gaspard choked back a sob.

"Black Renaud awaits the king in the woods of Gronville," he faltered.

For a second the captain's brow knit, and then he laughed softly, confidently. Within the hour his most trustworthy spy had reported that Black Renaud was in England.

But a hundred different emotions swept over Gaspard. The strength left his legs. He tottered against the door.

"There, my lad," said the captain, laying his hand tenderly on the boy's shoulder. "There, go home and rest. Some ruffian has made a fool of thee. Black Renaud is in England, and it will be long ere he dares set foot upon these shores."

Then, as the captain gently pushed him toward the door, something seemed to seize Gaspard by the throat, so that he could say no more. In some way he staggered without the castle walls, leading his tired horse. Then he threw himself in the bushes by the roadside, weeping

as though his heart would break. The horse wandered where he would, nibbling at the grass.

At length Gaspard slept, utterly exhausted.

III. IN THE WOODS OF GRONVILLE.

GASPARD awoke with the blast of a trumpet in his ears. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him in surprise to find he was not in his bed by the side of Nicolas. Then as the events of the last two days slowly dawned upon him, he jumped to his feet with his cheeks crimson at thought of the coward part he had played in sleeping while the King was in danger.

Within the courtyard he saw a bustle of preparation, and he thanked God as he realized that the King had not yet started for the woods of Gronville.

He was so refreshed by his nap that his thoughts came more quickly. He knew now there remained but one thing to do: if he could not reach the King, then he must reach Black Renaud. The thought of it took the blood from his cheeks; but it brought the strength back to his legs. Without stopping to ponder further, he began a search for his horse. He found the animal at no great distance, as much refreshed as he himself was. He leaped upon his back and spurred him on in the direction of the hunting-forest. Once reaching there, he knew not which way to turn, but rode wildly on among the trees. For the space of half an hour he met with nothing but startled boars and frightened pheasants. Then suddenly a man sprang from a clump of bushes and brought his horse back upon his haunches.

"What mean you, jack-rabbit, by running about like this? Dost know that the King will hunt here within the hour?"

With a start, Gaspard recognized the little old dwarf he had seen near the inn.

"Black Renaud! I would see Black Renaud!" cried Gaspard.

The old man half drew his sword.

"What do you know of Black Renaud, you baby fool?" he growled.

"News!" cried Gaspard, "I have news for him!"

The old man hesitated. What did the lad

know? "I were as well to hold him prisoner, at any rate.

"Dismount!" he commanded.

Gaspard obeyed. On the ground he looked so frail that the old man scorned to disarm him. They proceeded some few rods into the grove, and there they met another man, to whom Gaspard was turned over as a prisoner. For a few minutes he paced nervously back and forth. So surely as he now lived, he believed that he should breathe no more within the hour. He said a little prayer.

Following the sound of some huge animal breaking through the underbrush, a man emerged into the clearing where Gaspard stood. It was Black Renaud.

For a moment he gazed in silence at the youth.

"Your news?" he growled.

"I would be alone with you first," answered Gaspard, his eyes burning.

With a scornful smile, Black Renaud motioned his followers to leave him, and then waited with his long arms folded upon his breast.

Hardly had the others disappeared before Gaspard had snatched his sword from its scabbard—the good sword held in so many fights by his father.

"On guard!" cried Gaspard.

With an exclamation of surprise, Black Renaud drew his weapon.

"You gosling!" he exclaimed, and made a quick pass at the lad's heart. Gaspard, nimble of foot, stepped to one side, and in turn darted his weapon with such speed that the big man saved himself by only a hair's breadth.

This was the beginning of as fierce a fight as ever was fought within the borders of France. Against Renaud's skill and experience, the lad had youth and the strength coming from the consciousness of a noble purpose.

Darting forward to the right, the left, as swiftly as a pheasant, he avoided his opponent's lightning thrusts, and at the same time attacked him upon as many sides as two older men could have done. Though the leader could have called to his aid a dozen followers, the shame of being seen in a losing fight with so young a man held him back. At last, frenzied

with rage, he resorted to sheer brute force, rushing like an angry bull upon Gaspard, in the hope of beating him down. His mouth foamed and his breath came in little coughing gasps as Gaspard's point pressed closer and closer. The lad, too, was growing weak; his legs felt not so steady beneath him, and his eyes saw not so clearly. Suddenly Black Renaud's blade shot beneath the lad's guard, and though Gaspard stepped quickly to one side, a stream of blood coursed from his shoulder. Encouraged by this, Renaud rushed forward.

Then from behind, in the distance, came the shouts of the King's huntsmen. For the fraction of a second Black Renaud turned his head. It was long enough for old Coline's sword to give a fatal thrust to the greatest scoundrel in all France, who fell forward like a blasted tree at Gaspard's feet. When his startled henchmen broke through the underbrush in search of their leader, they found him there, and, with a single frightened glance, fled in confusion.

The King and his followers stood on the edge of the wood, waiting for the beaters to round up the game. His Majesty was in good spirits, and stood talking with the Count de Moinville, when the captain of the guards approached.

"Aha!" exclaimed the King, gayly. "T will be good hunting to-day, if I mistake not."

"Sire," replied the captain, bowing as low as he could, and trembling—"sire, it has already been good hunting. In yonder wood Black Renaud lies dead!"

"What!" exclaimed his Majesty. "Black Renaud dead—and yonder?"

The captain again bowed low.

The King's face clouded.

"How came he there?" he thundered.

Briefly the captain told as much of the story as he knew. With a scowl that foreboded ill, the King turned his horse toward Rouen.

"Back!" he roared. "And does the lad live we will have a new captain of the guards!"

"Sire—"

"And does he die," added his Majesty, ominously—"and does he die—why, we will still have a new captain of the guards!"

Had a stranger come into the city of Rouen,

a few days later, he would have found all in preparation for some grand event. Never in its history had the city been gayer than then. Hanging from every window were the royal flags of France, while here and there across the streets were gay arches of flowers, such as were never seen save in honor of some great victory.



"AS YOU LOVE YOUR KING, LET ME PASS!"

As the sun rose higher, the crowds from around and about flocked into the city in such numbers that the soldiers were in despair to keep the streets clear.

At last there was heard, in the direction of the Château de Moinville, a blast of trumpets. This grew louder and louder, until it was plain that some great procession was nearing. First came, upon white chargers, a band of trumpeters. Following them came the King's guards, and then the King himself. On full-blooded steeds there rode by his side the Count de Moinville and—Gaspard the Brave!

Aye, there he was! dressed in princely garments and with his good sword hanging by his side

—a little pale, perhaps, but looking now like a full-grown man. Farther back rode one, white-haired, but to whose cheeks the bloom of youth had for the moment returned. 'T was Nicolas—good Nicolas Berault. There was row upon row of gallant knights in this procession winding out of the Château; but of them all there was not one who did not envy the youth riding by the King's side.

Cheer after cheer rent the air as the line moved slowly on toward the woods of Gronville. The lad was fairly dizzy, but he held his head high and sat upon his horse as jauntily as the oldest gallant of them all. Straight on they moved, until at last they gathered around

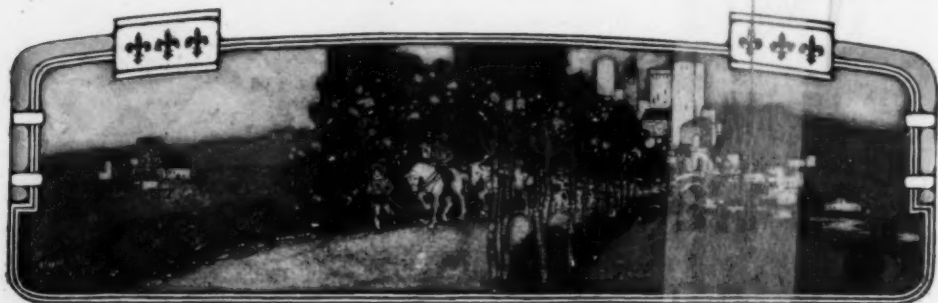
the very spot where Gaspard had fought his fierce fight.

Then the lad alighted and bent his knee before his sovereign. Amid the hush of the multitude, the King lightly touched the lad's shoulder with the flat of his jeweled sword.

"In the name of St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee knight. Be brave, bold, loyal. Arise, Sir Gaspard!"

Such a cheer rent the air as old Nicolas had not heard since the fight at the gates.

Sir Gaspard stood a moment facing the crowd, smiling, and then he turned to seek the hand of old Nicolas. And the old man looked with pride into the eyes of Sir Gaspard the Brave.



TWO TREES.

BY ELISABETH R. FINLEY.

A LITTLE tree, short but self-satisfied,
Glanced toward the ground, then tossed its head and cried:
"Behold how tall I am! how far the dusty earth!"
And boasting thus, it swayed in scornful mirth.

The tallest pine-tree in the forest raised
Its head toward heaven, and sighed the while it gazed:
"Alas, how small I am and the great skies how far!
What years of space 'twixt me and yonder star!"

MORAL.

Our height depends on what we measure by:
If up from earth, or downward from the sky.

THE KNITTING-SCHOOL.

By H. S. POTTER.

It was an Englishman who said :

The children of Holland take pleasure in making
What the children of England take pleasure in
breaking.

If he had seen the Breiben School of Laren he could have made a newer and a better proverb.

Every bright day four little Dutch maids sit on the bench before Mevrouw Kosta's door and Janike teaches them to knit. Anna, who is ten, clicks her needles fast and evenly, but Wilhelmina, who is only six, crooks her fat, pudgy little fingers painfully round the yarn and sighs.

She knows well that it is necessary to be clever to live in Laren, for Laren, let me tell

you, is a most distinguished place, very different from the rest of Holland; and Wilhelmina knows it is quite mountainous there, for it is thirteen feet above the sea. But to be clever it is necessary to knit heels as well as legs of stockings; so she keeps at it, while, inside the cottage, Mevrouw Kosta is spinning yarn on a big spinning-wheel, and you can hear the cheerful hum of the bobbin.

When the sun sends out long, level rays across the flat, green fields, and the windmill throws its queer shadow down the hard, white road, Wilhelmina's and Nettje's plump legs carry them home with a right good will, their wooden shoes clattering down the road toward the sunset, as the long Dutch twilight begins.

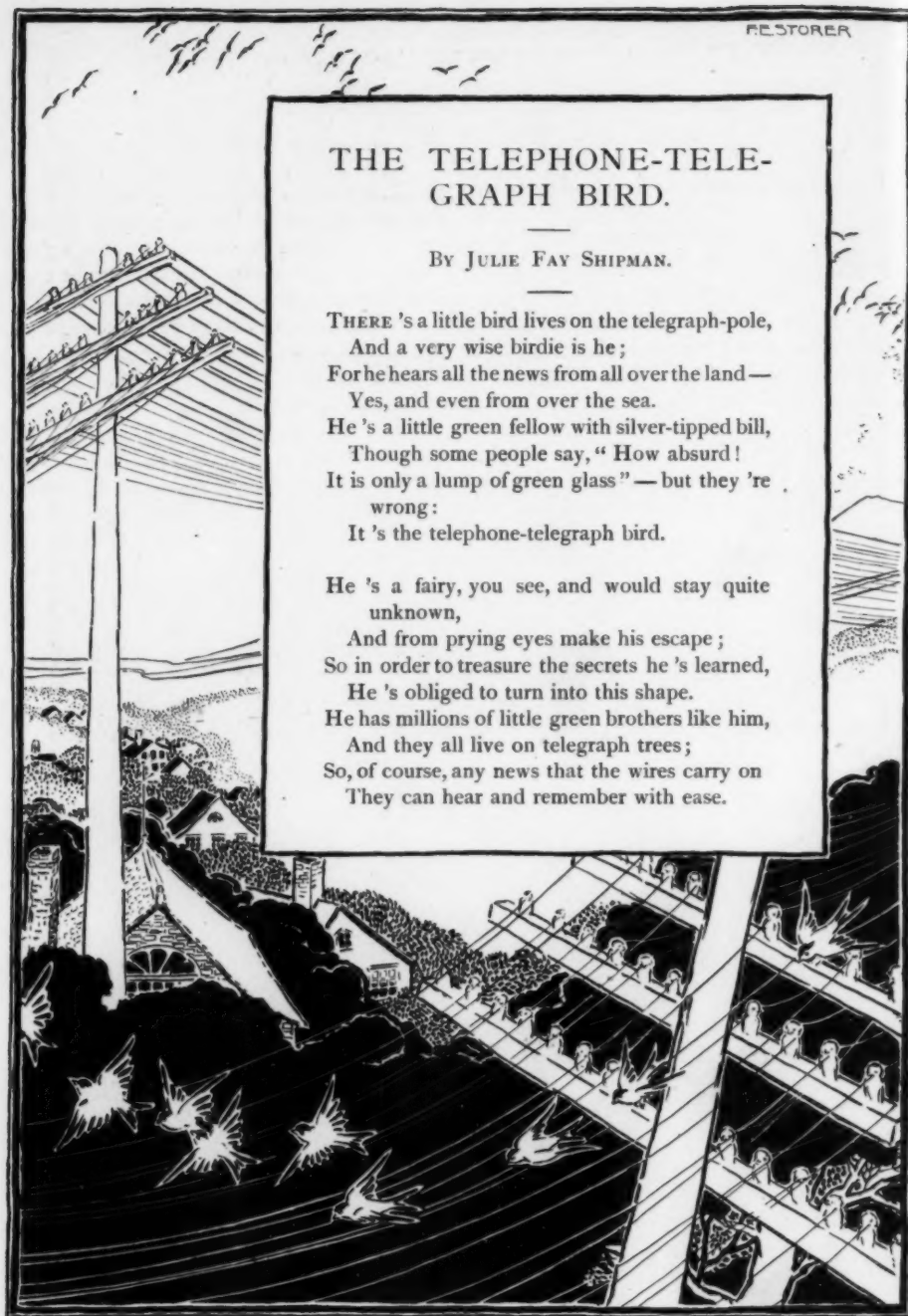


THE TELEPHONE-TELEGRAPH BIRD.

BY JULIE FAY SHIPMAN.

THERE 's a little bird lives on the telegraph-pole,
And a very wise birdie is he;
For he hears all the news from all over the land —
Yes, and even from over the sea.
He 's a little green fellow with silver-tipped bill,
Though some people say, " How absurd !
It is only a lump of green glass " — but they 're
wrong :
It 's the telephone-telegraph bird.

He 's a fairy, you see, and would stay quite
unknown,
And from prying eyes make his escape ;
So in order to treasure the secrets he 's learned,
He 's obliged to turn into this shape.
He has millions of little green brothers like him,
And they all live on telegraph trees ;
So, of course, any news that the wires carry on
They can hear and remember with ease.





It is strange all the things that they hear and
they know,
And these things very often they tell;
For they fly round at night, when you little
ones sleep,
And they whisper the things that befell.
If you 've told an untruth, or been naughty or
rude,
By some means your mama will have heard;
If "a little bird told me," she says when you ask,
It 's that telephone-telegraph bird.

Now, of course, birthday secrets, surprises, and
gifts
To himself he will carefully keep;
And he'll even help out with suggestions and
hints
Whispered low in your ear while you sleep.

But if mischief you plan, or do wrong on the
sly,
I 'd advise you to think of it twice;
For that bird 's bound to know and, as sure as
can be,
He will tell on you, too, in a trice.

I 'm afraid there 'll be some who won't credit
this tale
(Some grown folks are fairy-tale haters),
Who will call the green things on the telegraph-
poles
Long names such as glass insulators.
Let them laugh if they will, for we know what
we know;
We won't care if they don't take our word;
And a nice little secret we 'll have — you and I
And the telephone-telegraph bird.

THE JONQUIL.

ARM, arm, anemone!
Up, lazy daffodil!
You sleepy, sleepy willowbud —
Art dreaming, dreaming still?
For shame, you tardy violet!
For shame, you recreant rose!
Hark, how the herald jonquil now
His golden trumpet blows!

A good month's march to vanward
Of the Spring's embattled train,
He sounds his ringing challenge
'Gainst the lances of the rain.
Ho, blooms! charge down the wooded slopes
Upon your wintry foes!
Up! up! The gallant jonquil now
His golden bugle blows!

Don Marquis.



EASTER BLOOMS.

THE LIGHTHOUSE-BUILDER'S SON.

(ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.)

BY ARIADNE GILBERT.



If you had lived in Edinburgh fifty years ago you might have met, coming out of the first house on Inverleith Terrace, a five-year-old boy in a blue coat, trimmed with fur, and a big beaver bonnet. You would have noticed nothing very remarkable about this child except that he had a pale, delicate little face, and enormous shining eyes, and that he seemed very fond of his pleasant-looking nurse. This little boy was Robert Louis Stevenson, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stevenson.

Mr. Stevenson, Louis's father, was a lighthouse-builder, and belonged to a family of famous lighthouse-builders. His father, Louis's grandfather, built the Bell Rock Lighthouse, off the eastern coast of Scotland. How hard this was to build you can imagine when you remember that it stood on a dangerous reef, which the sea uncovered only for a few hours at low tide, so that the men had to have a special little workshop built on supports which were fixed in the rock. Then, too, as they worked on the iron foundation of the lighthouse, up would roll the sea and put out their fire. Yet Stevenson's grandfather had the determination and skill to push the work forward. He felt the grave need of a lighthouse there, for this was the dangerous reef described in "The Inchcape Rock." Off the opposite coast of Scotland, on the island of Tyree, stands another famous lighthouse which the Stevensons built. Eleven years before Louis was born, his Uncle

Allan had begun work on the lighthouse of Skerryvore. For its foundation his men had to blast a hole forty feet square in the solid rock. Twice storm and sea combined defeated Mr. Stevenson's plans, and swept away the work of his faithful builders. At last, however, in 1844, the labor was completed, and the wheeling gleam of Skerryvore light shines on the ocean to this day.

We want to know all this, not only because it is interesting, but because it helps us to understand Robert Louis's life. He loved the sea and felt at home on it; and perhaps he would have learned to build lighthouses if he had not wanted so much more to build stories. His love of writing must have come from his mother's side of the family. Although Mrs. Stevenson did not write herself, she was very fond of other people's writing, especially of poetry, and she taught her son to love it, too. Besides this, her father, Louis's other grandfather, was a minister, so that he wrote sermons, although he did not write books.

From his mother's side of the family Stevenson inherited one more thing, and that was a frail body and weak lungs; so that from his very babyhood he was delicate, and when he grew older he was ordered to travel and to spend much of his time out of doors, in order to live at all.

There is no better way to get the story of Stevenson's life than in his own writings. It is possible to get it almost from the beginning. His "Child's Garden of Verses," although of course it is not every word about himself, gives us a very good idea of his, sickly and lonely childhood. Nearly every poem presents a little picture. If you read the "Land of Counterpane" you will see him amusing himself when he is sick; you can imagine him propped up tenderly in the pillows when he played with

his lead soldiers. In others you find out that he was sent to bed early, and that he often lay there listening to the wind or to the people passing in the street below. In "Winter Time" you will find that he had to be all muffled up so as not to take cold. In almost every one, though, you feel how fond he was of play; how he loved the wild March wind, which did him harm, and the garden and the sunshine, which could harm no one; and how, in every way, he yearned to be as rugged as other boys.

Although he had most loving care, still we cannot help feeling that he was often lonely, if only from the pathetic poem called "The Lamplighter." We can imagine him sitting, with his little face against the pane, waiting for Leerie, and saying perhaps, as many Scotch lads were taught to say, "God bless the lamplighter!" and then thinking wistfully:

And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

If we can take all the poems in the "Child's Garden" as true, we find that Louis was not always meek and patient. Once he even ran away, unnoticed, out under the stars, and was just delighting in freedom when, as he says,



"PROPPED UP TENDERLY IN THE PILLOWS WHEN HE PLAYED WITH HIS LEAD-SOLDIERS."

They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed.

His father and mother probably led in this chase, but I feel sure that his nurse, Alison Cunningham, or "Cummy," as he called her, was not far behind. She was one of his best friends, and did much to keep him from being lonely. She read and told him stories; she recited poems; she took him to walk and showed him the beauty of the world; she sang, she even danced, for "her boy." Not only was

she such a jolly playmate: but she was a most patient nurse. Sometimes Louis would lie awake for hours coughing; then "Cummy" would be awake with him. "How well I remember," Stevenson wrote when he was a man, "her lifting me out of bed, carrying me to the window, and showing me one or two lit windows, where also, we told each other, there might be sick little boys and nurses waiting, like us, for the morning."

One of the things that we like best about Stevenson is that when he grew up he did not forget this nurse, but wrote her many letters, which, although he was a grown man, he often signed, "Your Laddie," and in which, again and again, he expressed his thanks to her. Sometimes he even called her his "second mother." Although he became a well-known author, he was never ashamed of the "woman who had loved him," but kept up the friendship; and

in one of his letters we get a picture of them together: "Do you remember when you used to take me out of bed in the early morning, carry me to the back windows, show me the hills of Fife, and quote to me:

"O, the hills are all covered with snow,
An' winter 's noo come fairly!"

The kindest thing that Stevenson did for "Cummy," however, was in dedicating the "Child's Garden of Verses" to her. The poem

of dedication is full of love and tenderness, and all the more manly for that. It begins:

For the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake,

and ends:

From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!
And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
May find as dear a nurse at need,
And every child who lists my rhyme,
In the bright, fireside, nursery clime,
May hear it in as kind a voice
As made my childish days rejoice!

Yet, in spite of his parents' companionship and "Cummy's" sympathy and playfulness, Louis would have missed a good deal of childish fun if he had not had over fifty cousins.

In the summers a crowd of these and Louis visited at the "Manse," the home of his minister grandfather; there were two, especially, that he played with most, a boy and a girl about his own age. One of their favorite games was that they were fleeing from a giant, whom in the end, of course, they always killed. Sometimes they played that they were on exploring tours. A favorite place for this game was a sandy isle in Allan Water, where they "waded in butter-burrs," and where, with the plashy water all round them, they felt delightfully secure from grown-up people. On Sundays they went to church, where they heard the beautiful white-haired grandfather preach. When he was in the pulpit he seemed very great and far away to Louis; but when he was at home the child was not afraid of him.

Part of the summer was usually spent, not at this grandfather's manse, but at the sea-shore. There, of course, Louis found the same delight that other children find in the beating and roaring of the waves, and in the natural fountains of spray that played on the rocks. One of his friends says that he often built "sea-houses," or great holes with the sand banked all round, into which he and his playmates would get, there to wait, all excitement, until the creeping tide, coming ever nearer, should at last wash over their bulwark of sand.

From these stories you will see that, on the whole, Stevenson had as much playtime as

most children. But, of course, he had to go to school. His school life was broken, however, because his parents, who had to travel for their health, took him with them to Germany, Holland, Italy, and many places in Scotland. Stevenson was sent to private schools in these



"HE OFTEN BUILT 'SEA-HOUSES.'"

different countries, and for the rest of the time he had tutors. There was really only one lesson, however, that Stevenson thoroughly enjoyed, and that was "composition." His compositions were remarkable for their bad spelling. Stevenson could not spell well even after he became a man, yet writing was almost a passion with him. When he was four years old he had a strange dream—that he "heard the noise of pens writing." When he was five he dictated to his mother what he called "The History of Moses." His uncle had offered a prize of a sovereign to the niece or nephew who wrote the best story. Stevenson's was not the best, and so he did not get the prize, but his uncle gave him an extra prize because it was so good for his age.

You will notice that Stevenson dictated his "History"; he did not write it himself. That was because he did not know how, for he was not taught to write when he was very young; he could not even read till he was eight. His pretty young mother, however, and faithful "Cummy" read and told him stories. He

tion" work, but he did not enjoy the writing that he did in school nearly so much as what he did of his own accord. As for his other lessons, his teachers considered him thoroughly lazy. All through his boyhood, Stevenson tells us, he was "pointed out as the pattern of an idler," and yet all the time he was eagerly trying to write. When he grew older he always carried with him two books — one to read and one to write in; and as he walked on the heathy hills, through the woods, or by the sea, his mind was busy trying to fit his thoughts with words. Sometimes he tried to describe exactly the thing he was looking at; sometimes he wrote down conversations from memory; sometimes he wrote on the same subject first in one man's style and then in another's. Thus he wrestled with his own brain; tried, criticized, and tried again. He says he practised to learn to write as boys practise to learn to whittle.



"HIS PRETTY YOUNG MOTHER READ HIM STORIES."

said that he lived in a "Land of Story-books." He loved poetry, too, and tells us that he remembers, when he was very little, repeating these lines over and over for their music:

"In pastures green Thou ledest me,
The quiet waters by."

When he did read for himself, he read a good deal of Scott, although he was less enthusiastic over the "Waverley Novels" than are many other boys.

Nearly everything he read made him want to write himself. He enjoyed all his "composi-

tion" work, but he did not enjoy the writing that he did in school nearly so much as what he did of his own accord. As for his other lessons, his teachers considered him thoroughly lazy. All through his boyhood, Stevenson tells us, he was "pointed out as the pattern of an idler," and yet all the time he was eagerly trying to write. When he grew older he always carried with him two books — one to read and one to write in; and as he walked on the heathy hills, through the woods, or by the sea, his mind was busy trying to fit his thoughts with words. Sometimes he tried to describe exactly the thing he was looking at; sometimes he wrote down conversations from memory; sometimes he wrote on the same subject first in one man's style and then in another's. Thus he wrestled with his own brain; tried, criticized, and tried again. He says he practised to learn to write as boys practise to learn to whittle.

II.

ALL this time, while Louis was growing from childhood to boyhood, his father was watching him closely and planning for him to follow his own profession and that of so many in the family — the brave profession of lighthouse-building. With this in view, from the time Louis was fourteen his father took him on sea trips in the *Pharos* all among the rock-bound islands of the Scottish coast. While Mr. Stevenson inspected the lighthouses or studied the "ugly reefs and black rocks" where there was a "tower to be built and a star to be lighted," Louis talked with the captains or watched the brave builders, whom he heartily admired, eager as they were in their perilous work. He was happy, too, tossing about on the deep water, and he knew no fear in the great storms. He felt the power of it all. He saw the shimmering beauty in the deep path of the light, the beacon of safety over the black sea. These thoughts, however, did not turn his mind to lighthouse-building, but to story-building; and it was the life on the ocean which helped him to write "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped," which are so popular with young folk everywhere.

We are glad Stevenson's interest turned to

writing; but his father was bitterly disappointed. He thought that an author's profession was too uncertain of success. Accordingly, in the hope of rousing Louis's interest in lighthouses instead of stories, he sent him to Edinburgh University to take a course in engineering. This made not the least difference. "It is no use to try to make a lighthouse-builder of this boy," at last said Mr. Stevenson to himself, and so he decided that Louis should study law. Thus it was that Stevenson, at twenty-one, entered on his law study, but half-heartedly.

This course of study, like the courses of his childhood, was interrupted by much sickness. Within two years Stevenson was ordered to Italy for the sake of his nerves and lungs. Two years later he went back to England, passed examinations, and was admitted to the bar; but he never practised, for all the rest of his life was spent in searching for health in many lands. And yet, in spite of weakness, he was not idle. Everywhere he went he found something worth seeing and worth writing about; and again the story of his young manhood may be read in his own books, just as the story of his childhood may be read in the "Garden of Verses." And we find him full of good cheer as a child and as a man. The little boy said:

The world is so full of a number of things,
I 'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

The man wrote: "I have so many things to make life sweet to me, it seems a pity I cannot have that other thing—health. But though you will be angry to hear it, I believe, for myself at least, what is, is best."

The year after he left the university he took a canoeing trip with one of his friends. You may read about it in "An Inland Voyage." In the *Arethusa* and the *Cigarette* they paddled up the river that Stevenson describes as running as though it "smelt the sea." They spent their nights and took their meals at farm-houses. Sometimes they rested on the grass beneath the trees. From a recent storm the river was unusually turbulent; trees had been uprooted, and here and there the wind had thrown them across the stream. On one of these trees Stevenson's canoe caught and was

capsized, and Stevenson himself barely escaped by clinging to the tree, while his canoe "went merrily down stream." When he got the strength, he pulled himself ashore by the tree trunk, his friend paddling off after the canoe. Of course such a struggle, combined with a wetting, was no help to Stevenson's health.

Two years later he took another trip. This time it was a walking trip in France, and his only companion was a little old donkey named "Modestine." He did not take her to ride on, but to carry his baggage, which he describes as a big sleeping-sack, "a bed by night, a port-manteau by day."

Modestine's natural pace was "as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run," and "she stopped to browse by the way." As they journeyed on, Stevenson met a peasant who taught him to say "Proot!" which in French donkey-language is "Get up!" To urge her on still more, he gave him a whip. Another peasant, at whose house Stevenson stopped, made him a goad, with which he "pushed Modestine along." As their way led through the shaggy mountains of France, you can imagine that they did not travel fast. Yet they went one hundred and twenty miles or so in twelve days; and when, at the end of this time, Stevenson sold his donkey friend, who could go no further, it was not without genuine regret, for she had been grateful, eating the black bread out of his hand, and she had been companionable. When he lay awake at night under the spicy pines, listening to the roaring wind or gazing up at the glittering stars, it had been pleasant to hear Modestine pawing by his side, or walking round and round at the end of her tether.

The next year, when Stevenson was twenty-nine, he decided to go to California, and, partly to save money and partly for experience, he traveled by emigrant ship and train. In "An Amateur Emigrant" he gives us his impressions of the rough passengers who were his companions on the sea voyage, and also what were, perhaps, their impressions of him. The sailors called him "mate"; the officers, "my man"; the workmen in the steerage considered him one of their own class; a certain mason even believed that he was a mason. What they all

wondered at was that he should spend so much time writing.

In "Across the Plains" Stevenson gives us a good idea of the continuation of this trip by train to California. At night they made their beds by putting straw cushions on the boards which reached from bench to bench. Stevenson slept and "chummed" with a Dutchman from Philadelphia. These two and one other clubbed together to buy washing-materials—a tin basin, a towel, and a bar of soap. They washed on the rear platform. They bought, too, a few cooking-utensils and coffee and sugar, so that they could get their own breakfasts now and then.

On this trip Stevenson found one firm friend in the newsboy. The child had noticed how pale he looked, and that he held the door open with his foot so as to get a little fresh air instead of the foul air of the crowded car. So, one day when Stevenson was reading, the newsboy slipped a large, juicy pear into his hand. Stevenson says that this little newsboy "petted" him all the rest of the way.

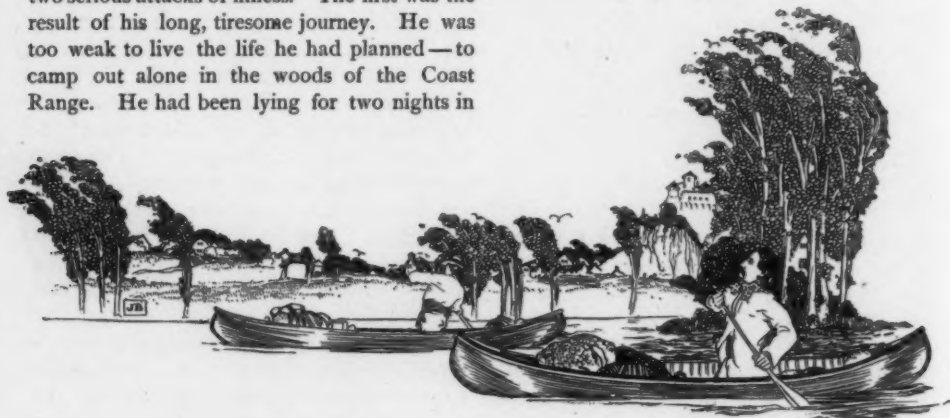
After he reached California, Stevenson had two serious attacks of illness. The first was the result of his long, tiresome journey. He was too weak to live the life he had planned—to camp out alone in the woods of the Coast Range. He had been lying for two nights in

by exhausting himself with nursing his landlady's little four-year-old child. Stevenson saved the child's life, but it almost cost him his own.

When Stevenson was in France he had met a Mrs. Osbourne, who was now in California with her son. When she heard of Stevenson's illness she came to help take care of him, and after Stevenson grew well they were married; so it was that his next trip was taken with her and with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne (now himself a well-known writer).

These three camped out on Mount St. Helena, near the Silverado Mine, and called themselves by the same name which Stevenson chose for his book,—"Silverado Squatters,"—because without legal claim they had taken possession of a Silverado miner's disused house. Stevenson and his wife called themselves the King and Queen, Lloyd was the Crown Prince, and "Chuchu," the dog, they honored as the "Grand Duke."

After the old house was cleaned and repaired it was a sweet, airy place, "haunted by the perfumes of the glen." They had filled in the



ON THE "INLAND VOYAGE."

a half-stupor, under a tree, when a bear-hunter found him and carried him in his arms to a goatherd's hut near by. There he was taken care of for two weeks till he grew strong enough to go on to Monterey. From there he went to San Francisco, where the next year he was taken ill again. This time his illness was caused

doors and windows with white cotton cloth; they had brought their own stove; and they made their beds of clean hay. Though the cañons were full of rattlesnakes, none of the "squatters" were afraid, except "Chuchu." "Every whiz of the rattle made him bound. His eyes rolled; he trembled; he would be

often wet with sweat." Stevenson, however, "took his sun-baths and open-air calisthenics without fear, though the rattlers were buzzing



"TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY."

all around." Nor did he think anything more of the brown bears and mountain lions, though once an old grizzly visited a poultry-yard in the village below. No; none of these creatures made him leave his mountain camp; it was the old, old enemy, illness, away off there so many miles from civilization or a doctor's help. Even "so far above the world" the sea-fogs found him out.

A few months after this Stevenson and his wife returned to Scotland. Mrs. Stevenson was a jolly, courageous companion as well as a capable nurse. She had need to be both, for by this time her husband's lung trouble had become settled. They still traveled, trying the different climates of the Scotch Highlands, the

Alps, Edinburgh, and finally the south of France. For the next seven years, sick as he was, Stevenson somehow found strength, between the attacks of illness, to write with vigor and eagerness. Besides many books for grown people, he wrote during this time his best two books for boys — "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped." "Treasure Island" was his first book that was popular enough to pay well. Stevenson's father helped him a good deal with this, by drawing on his experiences at sea.

The death of this father, two years later, was the deepest sorrow Stevenson ever had. They had been chums together, almost like two boys, with all the added love between father and son. This grief had such a bad effect on Stevenson's health that three months later, in August, he and his family, including his mother, went to the Adirondacks in America. They lived there, near Lake Saranac, until the next summer, in a wooden house on a hill-top overlooking a stream of running water.

While they were in the Adirondacks an American publisher offered Stevenson ten thousand dollars for an account of a voyage in the South Seas. He felt that the trip might do him good; he needed the money, and, as always, he loved the sea. All the family went with him, and even his mother enjoyed it, although they had a stormy voyage. When Stevenson was seventeen, an old Highland sibyl had prophesied that he was to be "very happy, to visit America, and to be much at sea." It had all come true. He was happy, because he was determined to be happy. As for his life on the sea, he tells it best himself. "I cannot say why I like the sea; no man can be more cynically and constantly alive to its perils; I regard it as the highest form of gambling; and yet I love the sea as much as I hate gambling. Fine clean emotions; a world all and always beautiful; air better than wine; interest unflagging: there is, upon the whole, no better life;" and again, "These two last years I have been much at sea, and never once did I lose my fidelity to blue water and a ship."

One of the interesting things that Stevenson did on this trip was to visit the leper settlement on one of the Hawaiian Islands. None of his family went with him. He was one passenger

in two boat-loads of lepers. In the boat with him were two sisters who tried hard to be brave; but one of them could not help crying softly all the way. Stevenson, in his big sympathy, was soon crying with her.

A crowd of other lepers swarmed down to the shore to meet them. They were in all stages of the disease, some very loathsome. Stevenson spent seven days and nights here. The whole experience was a great drain on his sympathies, actually living with those poor people, "still breathing, still thinking, still remembering," and yet dying by inches of a most dreadful disease. Yet, although Stevenson pitied the lepers, he did not let them see his pity. After the first breakdown, he was bright as ever. He played croquet with seven leper girls, and told stories to the old leper women in the hospital.

His love for children never failed. From the little California boy that he nursed through sickness, at the risk of his own life, to many small waifs in city streets, his love was the same. He said himself that he almost coveted the children, he wished so much that they were his, "especially the wee ones." Later, we find him formally willing his birthday to a little girl who was born on February 29, and so had only one birthday in four years; and now from the island of Honolulu we find him writing to a friend of his, another man of about forty: "The girls here all have dolls and love dressing them. You, who know so many dressmakers, please make it known it would be an acceptable gift to send scraps for doll dressmaking to the Reverend Sister Mary Ann, Bishop Home, Kilaupapa, Molokai, Hawaiian Islands." This letter shows not only Stevenson's love of children, but his willingness to take trouble over little things, although by this time he was a busy and prominent man.

In April, 1889, Stevenson's mother returned to Scotland, and he, his wife, and Lloyd continued their exploring tour, which included the Gilbert Islands, the Marquesas, the Carolines, Australia, and finally Samoa.

III.

STEVENSON's life in Samoa is, in some ways, the most interesting story of all, and here

again you can find that story in his own writings. This time, however, it is in his letters more than in his books. These letters are so vivid, moreover, that you feel as if you were right in Samoa with him. You are living in his spotless little box of a house, called Vailima, which means "five rivers," and so reminds you that it is within sound of flowing streams. There, from the broad veranda,—and the house is almost half veranda,—you can look straight up on one side at the wooded Vaea Mountain; and on the other side down six hundred feet before you gleams the sea, "filling the end of two vales of forest." The house is built in a clearing in the jungle. The trees about it are twice as tall as the house; the birds about it are always talking or singing; and here and there among the trees echoes "the ringing sleigh-bell of the tree-toad."

During the first six months that Stevenson and his family lived at Vailima there was much to be done. They built three houses, a big barn, two miles of road (this road three times, for the roads were continually being destroyed by heavy rains), "cleared many acres of bush, made some miles of path, planted quantities of food, and enclosed a horse paddock and some acres of pig run."

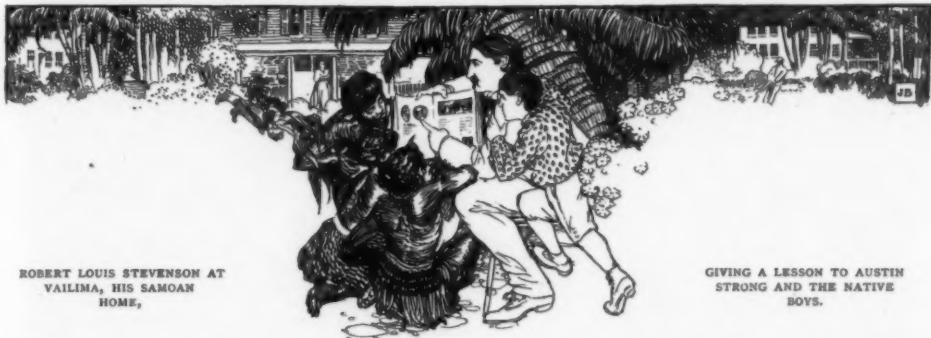
Sometimes Stevenson calls this property of his a farm and sometimes a plantation. It was a little of both. He had horses, pigs, and chickens, and raised nearly all our common vegetables. Besides these, however, he had the fruits of the tropics—his own banana-patch, his hedge of lemon-trees, and plenty of pineapples, breadfruit, and cocoanuts. Stevenson enjoyed the life of a farmer as much as he had enjoyed everything else. Sometimes, as he said, he played the "game of patience" by weeding all the morning. Things often went wrong; but he took bad luck merrily. Occasionally his pigs were stolen; once his horse "kicked him in the shin" when he was taking off her saddle; once the carpenter's horse stepped in a nest of fourteen eggs and, as Stevenson said, made "an omelette of all their hopes." Still, with perfect honesty, he could sign his letter, "The Well-pleased South Sea Islander"; for here in Samoa he could be out of doors, whereas in Scotland he would have

been in bed. The longer he stayed there, the stronger he felt. He rode horseback for hours without getting tired, and sometimes he rode very fast.

Riding, walking, bathing, and sailing were his chief recreations. Like the natives, much of the time he went barefoot. The roads, such as they were, were cut through a forest of fruit-trees between the noisy sea and the silent mountain. Palms waved overhead; tangled "ropes of liana" hung from the trees. The strong sun had brought out the richest, brightest colors in all the flowers; Stevenson himself was browned by its heat. Sometimes he gave himself up, like a child, to idle pleasures, such as wading for hours up to his knees in the salt water searching for shells.

"Now I can see and enjoy," and "Now I must work." He did actually say that it was "hard to keep on grinding." Still he did keep on, and in addition to his work as a farmer and an author he found time to teach. He gave regular lessons to Austin Strong, his step-daughter's little son, and taught "long expressions" and arithmetic to Henry, the son of one of the Samoan chiefs.

Henry was the first of the Samoans who really learned to love Stevenson. The affection of the natives was not very easy to win. They were naturally lazy; ignorant, of course; inclined to steal; and somewhat suspicious. Stevenson, nevertheless, saw in them not only much that was interesting, but much that was good. They were very clean people,—that



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT
VAILIMA, HIS SAMOAN
HOME,

GIVING A LESSON TO AUSTIN
STRONG AND THE NATIVE
BOYS.

He loved his work too much, however, and was too determined to succeed in it, to spend a great deal of time even in recreation. After he had been there a few months he set himself a rigid program, and after the addition was built on the house, from his room in an out-of-the-way part of it he tells us that he saw the sunrise nearly every morning, had breakfast at six, worked till eleven, and after lunch he usually worked again until four or five. Sometimes he played cards in the evening. At eight o'clock he had prayers for his own family and the Samoans of his household, a Samoan woman leading in the singing. He went to bed early, often reading himself to sleep, and sleeping on a chest covered with mats and blankets.

He kept to this program so strictly that I think he must have continually said to himself,

attracted him in the first place,—and they were people with a genuine love of beauty. Very wisely, Stevenson saw that he could only win them by being one of them. Accordingly, he learned their language as soon as he could.

When Stevenson knew their language well enough, he told them stories, and so he won from them the name of "Tusitala," which means "teller of tales"; his wife was called "Aolele," or "beautiful as a flying cloud." Thus, gradually but surely, the natives grew to know and care for their friends at Vailima. They tried to do for Stevenson what they never did for any one else—they tried to hurry. "You never see a Samoan run except at Vailima," visitors would sometimes say.

At first many of the men were tricky and ran away; but by and by they grew to care for the slender white master with the bright

eyes and winning smile, and they really wanted to work for him. "Once Tusitala's friend, always Tusitala's friend," they would say.

When the war broke out between the two chiefs, the Samoans showed their trust in Stevenson by bringing a bag full of coins, which they had saved for the roof of their church, and asking him to keep them till the fight was over. During this war Stevenson went often to see the prisoners, told them stories, heard their troubles, got them doctors, and was at last instrumental in having a large number set free without having to work out their freedom by road-building. A few days after this, Stevenson was surprised and touched to learn that the freed prisoners had agreed together in gratitude to work on his road as a "free-gift." It was to be his own private road, they specified, the road that led from his house to the public way.

They had given him the one thing they could give, and, as far as they knew, the one thing he wanted, and they insisted that they would not take presents of any kind, much less pay.

With a life so full of pleasure, work, and interest as this, it is sometimes hard to realize that Stevenson ever had hours of great despondency; but he often did. Although he was much better, he knew in his heart that he never could be well. It was his one great principle, however, to keep himself sunny, to wear a smiling face, "to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence." "The sea, the islands, the islanders, the island life and climate, make and keep me truly happier," he wrote bravely to a friend; but another time, when he had been thinking of his dear Scotland, with its "hills of sheep" and "winds austere and pure," and realizing that he could never see it again, he wrote a pathetic little poem, from which these lines are taken:

Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,

Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney,
But I go forever and come again no more.

And in a letter to a friend he wrote:

For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health;
I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have

done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written when my head swam for weakness, and for so long it seems to me I have won my wager. The Powers have so willed that my battle field should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic-bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpeting and the open air over my head.

During his last years he sometimes had "scrivener's cramp," so that he could not do his writing himself, but had to dictate his stories to his stepdaughter, Mrs. Strong. This, of course, was hard on his voice, and sometimes he lost the power of speech altogether.

One day, December 3, 1894, when he had felt particularly well, he came downstairs a little while before supper to help his wife make a salad, and together they set the table on the veranda, where, on pleasant days, they often had their meals, for Samoa is a land of eternal summer. Stevenson had been joking with his wife about something, when suddenly he put his hand to his head with the cry, "What's that? Do I look strange?" and then he fell unconscious beside her. Doctors were quickly summoned, but they could not help him. For about two hours he lay, still unconscious, still breathing. Around the room knelt or stood a dozen or more Samoans, longing to be of service; but they, too, could do nothing. Stevenson died a few minutes past eight that night.

Half hoping it was only sleep, the natives stayed beside him all night—some praying, some sitting in silence. In the morning still others came loaded with bright flowers, till the room was glowing with color.

Stevenson had asked to be buried on the summit of Vaea Mountain. There was no path to this summit, and so the chiefs assembled their men and about forty set out with knives and axes to cut a path up the steep mountain-side. At one o'clock that day all was ready. They came back, unwearied by their hard service, and a few of the strongest ones were chosen to carry their friend on their shoulders. Gravely and sturdily again they set out on the steep climb, followed by the family, the minister, and many more Samoans and friends.

At the grave the minister read the prayer which Stevenson himself had offered the night before he died:



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. THE BRONZE MEMORIAL BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS IN ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

"We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations gathered together in the peace of this roof. . . . Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction. . . . Go with each of us to rest; . . . and, when the day returns, return to us our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it."

So his last prayer was characteristic. He had "braced himself to play the man"; he had "awaked with smiles, he had labored smiling." And the gathering at the grave was character-

istic—the friends who laid him there were of all classes, many and deeply loving.

Even the last sleeping-place of this brave, bright, nature-loving man was just what he had chosen—within sight of the "besieging sea," which he had played by as a child and never failed to love, and within sound of God's great wind "that bloweth all day long."

Under the wide and starry sky,

Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.



"AN APRIL GIRL." DRAWN BY AMY OTIS.

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

CHAPTER XII.

HARRY FINDS A CLUE.

WHEN Chub left Roy lying gasping for breath in the bushes and took up the race again, he was a good hundred yards behind Jack and Pryor, who were just dropping from sight beyond the brow of one of the little hills.

"Keep over that way—get back to the road," he turned and shouted. He saw Roy nod wearily. Then he set out in earnest to make up lost ground. That was the hardest bit of the whole run for Chub, and it took him the better part of a mile to make up that hundred yards. Jack and Pryor did their level best to maintain their advantage. But when they were back on the road once more, Chub was running even with them. Pryor tried to slip aside and make him take the lead and set the pace, but Chub was too wary. It could scarcely be called running now; for, with less than a mile to go, it became a question with each one of them whether they could stay on their feet long enough to finish, and their pace was a slow jog that was little like the springy gait with which they had started out.

There was no breath wasted now in talk. They cast quick looks at each other, searching for signs of weakness and discouragement. It was every man for himself, Pryor struggling along with drooping head for the glory of the Middle Class, Jack resolved to win the honor for the First Seniors, and Chub equally determined to gain it for the Second Seniors. A quarter of a mile from the school, just as they turned into the Silver Cove road, Pryor's time came. He stumbled, and slowed down to a walk, his breath coming in agonized gasps. Chub, and Jack went on without a turn of the head, side by side, their eyes glued doggedly on the red-tiled tower of the gymnasium, visible now above the tree-tops a few hundred yards

away. A group of waiting boys marked the corner of the school grounds.

Chub looked at Jack, threw his head back, and strove to draw away from him. Jack responded gallantly and refused to own himself beaten. So they had it nip and tuck down to the corner, and yet making but slow work of it, while the audience shouted them on, scattering away from the rail fence that they might have plenty of room. And they needed it. Twice Chub strove to throw his leg across the topmost bar, and twice he failed. Jack, with set teeth, got over on the second attempt, and when Chub came tumbling after him he had a good six yards of lead. Ahead, at the gate across the field, stood Doctor and Mrs. Emery and Harry.

"Hurry! Hurry!" cried the latter, dancing excitedly about. "Oh, it's Jack Rogers and Chub Eaton! Hurry, Jack! Hurry, Chub! Oh, *can't* you run faster?"

"Which do you want to win, my dear?" asked her mother, smilingly. Harry answered breathlessly, without turning:

"Oh, I don't know! Both!"

Meanwhile, across the gridiron, Chub and Jack, accompanied by applauding friends and partizans, were fighting it out gamely. Chub had almost made up the distance between him and Jack when the track was reached. Across the cinders they staggered, the gate and finish but a few yards away. Then Fortune, thus far quite impartial, turned her face to Chub. Jack stumbled on the wooden rim of the track and gave Chub his chance, and in another second the latter youth was through the gate and lying with tossing arms on the lawn. Jack finished a yard behind him and keeled over in his turn.

Horace Buren set down the times on the list he held, and others sprang to the aid of the exhausted runners. Then all eyes turned again toward the corner of the field, for some one was struggling over the fence there. Down he

jumped and came trotting across, and soon a fourth runner appeared.

"What was Chub Eaton's time?" asked Harry.

"Four and three eighths minutes better than the record made four years ago by Gooch," answered Horace.

"Well, I'm glad Roy Porter did n't win," said Harry, vindictively.

Chub rolled over on his elbows.

"He went down and out—two miles back," said he. Chub looked across at Jack, who was sitting up and breathing like a steam-engine. "Sorry I beat you, Jack. I would n't have, if you had n't stumbled."

Jack nodded with a smile.

"Glad you won, old man," he said. "It was a tough run, and I'm glad it's over. Phew! but I'm tuckered."

"Same here. That last mile was the dickens. There's some one else coming—two, three of them! One of 'em's fallen off the fence. I thought I'd never get over that thing! Who's that coming? Porter, by Jove!" cried Chub.

"Porter nothing!" said Horace. "That's Warren. And the next two are Glidden and Chase."

Chase, a youngster of thirteen, made a plucky race across the field and beat Glidden of the Second Senior Class by three yards. Then for a while no more finished. Chub and Jack and the others disappeared into the gymnasium, and Doctor and Mrs. Emery returned to the Cottage. Harry, however, still remained. It was getting dim now, and when, after five or six minutes had passed, more runners reached the fence, it was impossible to identify them. Until almost dinner-time the others straggled in to find the finish deserted and to crawl wearily up the gymnasium steps. Then Harry returned to the Cottage through the gathering twilight, looking rather disappointed, and telling herself over and over that she was awfully glad Roy Porter had n't won.

Dinner that evening was a jolly meal. Every fellow was frantically hungry. The First Seniors drank their sweet cider out of the mug they had captured, passing it from one to another like a loving-cup.

It was not until dinner was well-nigh over that

Roy's absence was noted by any save Chub. But when, at half-past nine, he had not returned, the matter was reported to Doctor Emery, and the telephone became busy. But neither Carroll nor Silver Cove knew anything of the missing boy. The principal waited until eleven o'clock, and then a searching party was made up. Mr. Cobb and Mr. Buckman took charge, and with four of the older boys and Chub, who was taken along to show where Roy had last been seen, left the Cottage at a little after eleven. Dr. Emery saw them off from the Cottage porch, and instructed Mr. Cobb to telephone him from Carroll or Silver Cove if he had a chance. It was as dark as pitch as they made their way across the field and found the road, and the wavering light from a couple of lanterns seemed only to accentuate the gloom. Once away from the school, they began to call at intervals, but got no response. Soon after that Mr. Buckman stopped and asked: "How many are there in this party, anyhow?"

"Should be seven of us," answered Mr. Cobb. "Why?"

"Because, unless I'm much mistaken, I counted eight a minute ago. Who's that over there—the last one?"

"Warren, sir."

"No, I don't mean you. Who's next to you?"

There was a moment's silence. Then—

"Blest if I know, sir," answered Warren, in puzzled tones.

"It's me," said an apologetic voice.

"Who's me?" asked Mr. Cobb, moving toward the speaker.

"Harry," was the answer.

"Harry! Harry Emery!" exclaimed Mr. Cobb, forgetting his politeness.

"Yes; I—I thought I'd come along."

"Well, if that is n't the greatest! Did the Doctor say you could come?"

"I—I did n't ask him," answered Harry.

"Please don't send me back, Mr. Cobb. I won't be in the way a bit. I can walk miles!"

"Send you back! Why, I can't send you back now—that is, not alone. I suppose you'll have to—Well, come along, then; but see that you stick close to us," grumbled Mr. Cobb.

"We must n't lose anybody else to-night!"



MR. COBB AND THE SEARCH-PARTY LOOKING FOR ROY. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

So Harry trudged along at the tail of the party, keeping close to Jack Rogers and Chub, and starting nervously when she heard strange noises in the bushes along the way.

It was slow going, and when they were well up on the hills the night wind stung hands and faces. It was long past midnight when Chub announced that they should have reached the place where he had left Roy. But a locality looks very different at night, by the light of a wavering lantern, from its daytime appearance; and when they had cast about for a while, calling and shouting, Chub was forced to acknowledge that he was n't certain of the place.

"It ought to be about here," he said anxiously; "but somehow this does n't look like it. It does n't seem to me it was quite so hilly; and there were n't any trees, that I remember."

After a quarter of an hour more of unsuccessful search, Mr. Cobb and Mr. Buckman held a consultation and decided that the best thing to do, unless they wanted to get lost themselves, was to stay where they were and wait for dawn. So they found a sheltered spot in the lee of a big rock and made themselves as comfortable as they could. Warren suggested a fire, and a half-hour was spent in finding fuel within the radius of lantern-light. Finally, however, the flames were leaping and the sparks flying, and the party regained some of their ebbing spirits.

"If he sees the light he will look it up," said Mr. Buckman. "That was a good idea of yours, Warren."

"What I'm afraid of," said Mr. Cobb, "is that he has met with an accident of some sort. It seems to me that if he had the use of his limbs he would have reached the school before this, or at least have communicated with us. Well, we'll have to make the best of things until the light comes."

The leaping flames lent their tinge of romance to a situation already sufficiently out of the common to be exciting. The uncertainty as to Roy's fate added a qualm of uneasiness, but when once Warren had got well into his story of the Wyoming outlaws who lived in a cave and robbed trains and stage-coaches, even Chub forgot the purpose of the expedition for whole minutes at a time. I think Harry unconsciously

dozed several times, although she always denied it indignantly. Now and then one of the party would mend the fire and then fall back to the protection of the ledge and the waving bushes. Mr. Cobb followed Warren with some stories of Cornwall wreckers which he had read; and after that every member of the party save Harry, who happened to be very quiet about that time, contributed some tale of dark deeds. Just then Jack made the discovery that it was possible to see the branches of the wind-whipped bushes behind them. Chub climbed to the summit of the ledge and announced that there was light away down on the horizon toward the east. Then followed an hour of waiting, during which the world gradually turned from black to gray. The fire died out for lack of fuel, and the boys snuggled into the collars of their sweaters, for it seemed to grow more chill each moment. Then, when objects a few yards away could be distinguished, Mr. Cobb suggested that they "break camp." So they spread out in a line and took up the search again, calling as they went. The light grew quickly, and in the east the sky took on a tinge of rose. Mr. Cobb stopped once and picked something from the ground.

"Must be slate-quarries about here," he said. "There's a lot of broken pieces here, and loose gravel. Yes, here's a hole," he went on, walking forward; "but they only went down a few feet. I wonder if there are more of them?"

Suddenly there was a cry from the other end of the line:

"Mr. Cobb, come and see what I've found!"

It was Harry's voice, and Mr. Cobb made his way to her, where she stood at the edge of a thicket of leafless brambles.

"What is it, Harry?" he asked.

For answer she held up a tiny bit of crimson yarn.

"What do you make of this?" asked the instructor, looking at it in a puzzled way.

"I think it came from his sweater!" declared Harry, triumphantly. "It was on that branch there."

"Good for you, Harry!" cried Chub, who had joined them ahead of the others. "Roy had his red sweater on, and it's money to muffins that thread was pulled out as he went by."

"He did n't go by, though," said Harry. "He went through. Don't you see how the bushes are trampled down? Come on!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A NIGHT IN THE QUARRY.

WHEN Roy regained consciousness and opened his eyes he found himself in pitch-darkness. His head felt strangely dizzy, and for a moment he lay still and strove to recall what had happened to him. Then he remembered and, with a sudden fear at his heart, moved cautiously. But although every bone in his body felt sore, he was able to climb to his feet. The effort, however, left him so weak and dizzy that he reached out for support, found a branch, and clung to it while a minute or two passed. And in clinging to it he soon became aware that his left hand hurt him greatly. Presently, when he could stand without holding on, he felt of the aching member and found it swollen and sore to the touch. The trouble seemed to be at the wrist. Probably it was only a sprain or a dislocation; that could keep. Meanwhile he would like very much to know where he was.

When he had fallen he had caught a glimpse of a dark pit, the sides of which were hidden here and there by bushes. It had been the briefest sort of a glimpse, for he had stepped over the edge and, without a second's warning, had plunged downward into twilight darkness. He remembered clutching at a branch which came away in his hand, and he remembered crashing through a bush. It had broken but not stopped his fall. Of what happened after that he could remember nothing.

Now he stepped cautiously forward, feeling in front of him with hands and feet. The ground was loose and uneven. Three short steps brought his hands in contact with a smooth expanse of stone. His fingers could find no place to clutch. He moved to the right through the darkness. But the wall of stone continued. At last he found bushes, and for a moment he had hope. But, although he wormed his way upward through them for the space of a few feet, he again brought up against a perpendicular wall of rock and he was forced to retreat. He became conscious of a dim feel-

ing of fright and strove to fight it down, as he leaned against the wall behind him.

He moved on, whistling softly to keep from feeling discouraged. But his left wrist and hand pained severely, and presently he stopped and tried to find a position that would ease the ache. Finally he found his handkerchief, tied it about his neck, and placed the injured arm through the improvised sling. It helped a little. After that he continued his search, but rather half-heartedly. He longed for light and fell to wondering what time it was. But there was no knowing how long he had lain unconscious. It might be eight o'clock or it might be well toward morning! He wished he knew!

Above his head—how far he could only guess—the night wind was whipping the bare bushes. Now and then a gust came down and made him shiver, but on the whole it was not uncomfortable down there as long as he was moving about. But he could n't keep that up much longer, for his head was aching, his legs were stiff and lame, and every movement sent little thrills of pain down his arm from elbow to fingers. He was glad now of his thick sweater, and wished his legs were as warm as the upper part of his body.

For a while he sat on a little rock near the wall along which he had been traveling. Then he began to feel drowsy. That was fine, he thought; if he could only go to sleep he could forget his discomforts, and perhaps when he awoke it would be morning. So he felt about half fearsomely on the broken stone and moist gravel that formed the floor of his prison, afraid of encountering uncanny things in the dark. But his hands found only soil and rock and scant vegetation, and he laid himself down gingerly, out of respect to his aching body, and closed his eyes. For a while the discomforts of his couch made themselves too apparent to allow of slumber. He wondered who had won the race and whether they had missed him at school; whether Chub had caught up with Jack and Pryor; what Chub was thinking about his disappearance. Then he started out of his drowsiness. Surely he had heard his name called! He sat up and listened intently. Then he called at the top of his voice half a dozen

times. But he heard nothing more, and presently he lay down again with a sigh, eased the position of his throbbing arm, and went quietly to sleep.

And the very next moment, as it seemed to Roy, he heard his name called again, loudly and distinctly this time, and he opened his eyes,

"Look out!" he shouted. "There's a hole here. Look where you're going, Mr. Cobb!"

Then Mr. Cobb was kneeling above at the edge of the quarry, looking down upon him anxiously, and Harry's face appeared behind his shoulder—a very frightened countenance.

"Hurt, Porter?" asked Mr. Cobb.



"'LOOK OUT!' ROY SHOUTED, 'LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, MR. COBB!'"

blinking, to find his prison filled with the gray, misty light of morning and to hear voices above him. Then came his name again, in the unmistakable tones of Mr. Cobb, and he sat up and answered at the top of his voice. Then came sounds of crashing branches, and Roy struggled rather dizzily to his feet.

"No, sir; just shaken up a bit."

"Well, thank heaven! Can you climb out anywhere?" Mr. Cobb's eyes traveled dubiously about the pit.

"I don't believe so," answered Roy. "I tried to find a place last night."

He turned and looked about him.

And his face went white at what he saw.

In shape the quarry was a rough oval, its walls so steep that at first glance escape even in daylight seemed impossible. In many places the top of the wall overhung the bottom. Now and then a clump of grass or weeds showed against the dark and discolored face of the rock, and in a few places good-sized bushes had grown out. But all this Roy saw later. At present he was standing with his back to the bank, staring in fascinated dread at the center of the quarry. From the walls, all around, the ground sloped downward toward the center, and only a few feet away from him was the margin of a pool some thirty feet in diameter. There was no slime on the top, no weeds about its edge, and in the dim light of early morning the water looked black and ugly. Roy stepped nearer and looked down into its depths. Far below him jutting edges of rock loomed up, but the bottom was not in sight. Shuddering, he retreated. Had he fallen a little farther away from the bank, or had he rolled over after falling, they would not have found him so easily. Then his head felt dizzy and he sat down suddenly on the narrow bank of broken and crumbled slate and went off into a faint.

When he came to, Mr. Cobb was dabbing his face with a wet handkerchief, and Jack Rogers and Chub were slapping his hands and arms. Perhaps it was the latter method which brought him around, for a dislocated wrist does n't take kindly to blows. He yanked his injured hand away with a cry of pain, and Mr. Cobb removed the sopping handkerchief.

"All right now, eh?" he asked kindly. "Hello! what's wrong there?" He took the boy's hand and examined it, his fingers probing skilfully. "How'd you do that? Fall on it?"

"I don't know," answered Roy. "It is n't broken, is it?"

"No; dislocated. Feel that bone sticking up there? We'll have to fix that right now, I guess. Hurts, does n't it? Give me a couple of handkerchiefs, you chaps." Chub and Jack produced theirs, and Mr. Cobb took a long leather wallet from his coat pocket and emptied it of its contents. "Just hold your hand out straight," he directed. Then, with one hand above the

wrist and the other about the fingers, he pulled steadily until the wrist slipped back into place. Roy winced a little, but after the lump had disappeared his whole arm felt easier. Mr. Cobb laid the leather wallet about the wrist and bound it tightly with the handkerchiefs.

"That'll do until we get back," he said. "Put it back in that sling of yours and keep it there, Porter. Now we'll see if we can get you out of here. Do you think you can walk?"

For answer Roy climbed to his feet.

"All right; only remember that you've had a pretty good shaking up and have n't had anything to eat since yesterday noon, and don't try to do too much. We'll see if we can't boost you up over here."

He led the way to the other side of the pool, and Roy saw that a rough path zigzagged down the face of the bank there. So steep it was, however, that they had to help each other here and there, and it seemed a long time before Mr. Buckman and the others, awaiting them at the top, were able to reach down and pull them over the edge of the rock. Roy subsided breathless on the grass and looked about him. The sun was just topping the rising hill beyond, and the world looked very sweet to him at that moment.

"That's where you went over," said Mr. Buckman, pointing across the pit. "We followed you up to the edge. You must have struck against that bush there and broken your fall; the branches are all broken, I noticed; a good thing you did, too, I guess."

"I remember falling into some branches," said Roy. "That's the last thing I do remember; when I woke up it was pitch-dark."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Cobb. "Lose consciousness, did you? Did you hit your head? Here, let's have a good look at you, my boy." And presently, "I should think you did! Does n't that hurt when I press it?"

"A little," answered Roy.

"Hum! Guess you've got a pretty tough skull. Look at this place, Eaton. Must have struck on a ledge, I should say. Well, that'll wait until we get home. I wonder if we can carry him between us? Maybe one of you chaps had better run back and tell them to send the phaëton."

But Roy protested that he could walk every inch of the way, and finally Mr. Cobb consented to let him try it, and the return journey began. Chub walked beside Roy, anxiously solicitous. Most of the party were frankly sleepy and worn out, now that the excitement was over. Harry appeared to have lost interest in the whole affair. Not once, so far as Roy knew, did she even so much as glance in his direction.

"What's Harry doing here?" he whispered to Chub. And Chub recounted the happenings of the night: how Harry had joined the party unknown to them, how they had built a fire and waited for light, and finally how Harry had discovered the bit of yarn torn from his sweater.

"It was fairly easy after that," said Chub. "We could see here and there where you had broken through the bushes, and once or twice we found your footprints. We knew they were yours on account of the spikes. If it had n't been for Harry, I guess you'd have been waiting yet—though maybe you could have got up that bank alone."

Roy trudged on in silence for a while. Then—

"Who won?" he demanded eagerly.

Chub grinned.

"I won the individual cup, and First Seniors got the class cup," he said. "Jack and I had it nip and tuck all the way to the gate, and if he had n't stumbled over the track he'd have beat me."

"I'm glad you got it," said Roy. "I was afraid you would n't catch up with them, after staying so long with me."

"I was a blamed idiot to leave you," answered Chub, savagely. "I did n't deserve to win anything. Why, you came mighty near killing yourself!"

"Yes, I guess I did," said Roy, thoughtfully. "But it was n't your fault, you know. I got all

mixed up and could n't tell where I was. And the first thing I knew, I—I was n't anywhere!"

But just then Mr. Cobb told Roy he had better not tire himself by talking; and an hour later Roy was fast asleep in his bed. They had served him with some milk-toast, scanty fare for a boy who had missed two meals, and he had promptly turned over and gone to sleep. In the middle of the forenoon the Silver Cove doctor appeared, redressed his wrist, put something on his head, and left a tumblerful of some sort of nasty-tasting medicine. And the next day Roy was up and about again, apparently as good as new, save for his injured arm. This was carried in a sling for a fortnight or more, but he did n't mind that much.

The second morning after his rescue he went over to the Cottage and asked for Harry. Presently she came down to the parlor, where he was awaiting her in front of the soft-coal fire; and he tried to remember the formal speech of gratitude he had fashioned. But it had gone completely from him. So he just held out his hand and said he was so much obliged to her for what she had done.

"Everybody says that if you had n't seen that bit of red yarn I'd have been there yet," he added.

Harry shook his hand very formally, said she had n't done anything, that she was very glad he had had such a fortunate escape, and asked politely after his injury.

"Oh, I'm all right now," said Roy.

After that conversation languished until Mrs. Emery came down and made Roy tell her all about it. And during the narrative Harry disappeared. It was quite evident that she had n't forgiven him, thought Roy as he took his departure. He did n't look back as he went down the drive, and so failed to see somebody with red hair peering down from between the curtains of an up-stairs window.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL-ROOM CHARACTERS.

(In looking at these, partly close the eyes, or hold the page at arm's length.)



READING.



A FIGURE HEAD OR A
HEAD FOR FIGURES.



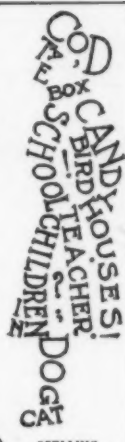
HISTORY.



GEOGRAPHY.



ARITHMETIC.



SPELLING.

A DEAR BUT A QUEER LITTLE BOY.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.



His mother often says he 's "the apple of her eye";
But how so? I could n't tell you how.
You might as well suppose he 's the cherry of her nose,
Or else the watermelon of her brow.

And she speaks of him oft as "the salt of the earth";
But why so? I could n't tell you why;
For he just as well might be the pepper of the sea,
Or the vinegar and mustard of the sky.

While "his little heart," she 'll tell you, "is in the right place";
If it really is, I 'm sure it is n't quite
Where a heart should belong: if on his right it is wrong,
But if on his left it is right!

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HELEN NICOLAY.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

LINCOLN's great skill and wisdom in his debates with Douglas turned the eyes of the whole country upon him; and the force and logic of his Cooper Institute speech convinced every one that in him they had discovered a new national leader. He began to be mentioned as a possible candidate for President in the election which was to take place that fall to choose a successor to President Buchanan. Indeed, quite a year earlier, an editor of Illinois had written to him asking permission to announce him as a candidate in his newspaper. At that time Lincoln had refused, thanking him for the compliment, but saying modestly: "I must in candor say that I do not think myself fit for the Presidency." About Christmas time, 1859, however, a number of his staunchest Illinois friends urged him to let them use his name, and he consented, not so much in the hope of being chosen, as of perhaps receiving the nomination for Vice-President, or at least of making a show of strength that would aid him at some future time to become senator. The man most talked about as the probable Republican candidate for President was William H. Seward, who was United States senator from New York and had also been governor of that State.

The political unrest continued. Slavery was still the most absorbing topic, and it was upon their stand for or against slavery that all the Presidential candidates were chosen. The pretensions and demands of the Southern leaders had by this time passed into threats. They declared roundly that they would take their States out of the Union if slavery were not quickly made lawful all over the country, or in case a "Black Republican" President should be elected. The Democrats, unable to agree among themselves, split into two sections, the Northerners nominating Stephen A. Douglas for Pres-

ident, while delegates who had come to their National Convention from what were called the Cotton States chose John C. Breckinridge. A few men who had belonged to the old Whig party, but felt themselves unable to join the Republicans or either faction of the Democrats, met elsewhere and nominated John Bell.

This breaking up of their political enemies into three distinct camps greatly cheered the Republicans, and when their National Convention came together in Chicago on May 16, 1860, its members were filled with the most eager enthusiasm. Its meetings were held in a huge temporary wooden building called the Wigwam, so large that 10,000 people could easily assemble in it to watch the proceedings. Few conventions have shown such depth of feeling. Not only the delegates on the central platform, but even the spectators seemed impressed with the fact that they were taking part in a great historical event. The first two days were taken up in seating delegates, adopting a "platform" or statement of party principles, and in other necessary routine matters. On the third day, however, it was certain that balloting would begin, and crowds hurried to the Wigwam in a fever of curiosity. The New York men, sure that Seward would be the choice of the convention, marched there in a body, with music and banners. The friends of Lincoln arrived before them, and while not making so much noise or show, were doing good work for their favorite. The long nomination speeches of later years had not then come into fashion. "I take the liberty," simply said Mr. Evarts of New York, "to name as a candidate to be nominated by this convention for the office of President of the United States, William H. Seward," and at Mr. Seward's name a burst of applause broke forth, so long and loud that it seemed fairly to shake the great building. Mr. Judd, of Illinois, performed the same office of friendship for Mr. Lincoln, and the tremendous

cheering that rose from the throats of his friends echoed and dashed itself against the sides of the Wigwam, died down, and began anew, until the noise that had been made by Seward's admirers dwindled to comparative feebleness. Again and again these contests of lungs and enthusiasm were repeated as other names were presented to the convention.

the cheering down the long Chicago streets; while inside, delegation after delegation changed its votes to the victor in a whirlwind of hurrahs. That same afternoon the convention finished its labors by nominating Hannibal Hamlin of Maine for Vice President, and adjourned,—the delegates, speeding homeward on the night trains, realizing by the bonfires and cheering



THE WIGWAM AT CHICAGO IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS NOMINATED.

At last the voting began. Two names stood out beyond all the rest on the very first ballot—Seward's, and Lincoln's. The second ballot showed that Seward had lost votes while Lincoln had gained them. The third ballot was begun in almost painful suspense, delegates and spectators keeping count upon their tally-sheets with nervous fingers. It was found that Lincoln had gained still more, and now only needed one and a half votes to receive the nomination. Suddenly the Wigwam became as still as a church. Everybody leaned forward to see who would break the spell. A man sprang upon a chair and reported a change of four votes to Lincoln. Then a teller shouted a name toward the skylight, and the boom of a cannon from the roof announced the nomination and started

crowds at every little station that a memorable Presidential campaign was already begun.

In this campaign there were, then, four Presidential candidates in the field. In the order of strength shown at the election they were:

1. The Republican party, whose "platform," or statement of party principles, declared that slavery was wrong, and that its further spread should be prevented. Its candidates were Abraham Lincoln of Illinois for President, and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine for Vice-President.

2. The Douglas wing of the Democratic party, which declared that it did not pretend to decide whether slavery was right or wrong, and proposed to allow the people of each State and Territory to choose for themselves whether they would or would not have it. Its candidates

were Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois for President, and Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia for Vice-President.

3. The Buchanan wing of the Democratic party, which declared that slavery was right, and whose policy was to extend it, and to make new slave States. Its candidates were John C.

and lighted tapers. Lincoln was called the "Rail-splitter Candidate," and this telling name, added to the equally telling "Honest Old Abe," by which he had long been known in Illinois, furnished country and city campaign orators with a powerful appeal to the sympathy and trust of the working-people of the United States.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN LIVED WHEN HE WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT.

Breckinridge of Kentucky for President, and Joseph Lane of Oregon for Vice-President.

4. The Constitutional Union party, which ignored slavery in its platform, declaring that it recognized no political principles other than "the Constitution of the country, the Union of the States, and the enforcement of the laws." Its candidates were John Bell of Tennessee for President, and Edward Everett of Massachusetts for Vice-President.

In enthusiasm the Republicans quickly took the lead. "Wide Awake" clubs of young men, wearing caps and capes of glazed oilcloth to protect their clothing from the dripping oil of their torches, gathered in torchlight processions miles in length. Fence rails, supposed to have been made by Lincoln in his youth, were set up in party headquarters and trimmed with flowers

Men and women read in newspaper and pamphlet biographies the story of his humble beginnings: how he had risen by simple, earnest work and native genius, first to fame and leadership in his own State, and then to fame and leadership in the nation; and these titles quickly grew to be much more than mere party nicknames—to stand for a faith and trust destined to play no small part in the history of the next few years.

After the nominations were made Douglas went on a tour of speech-making through the South. Lincoln, on the contrary, stayed quietly at home in Springfield. His personal habits and surroundings varied little during the whole of this campaign summer. Naturally he gave up active law practice, leaving his office in charge of his partner, William H. Herndon.

He spent the time during the usual business hours of each day in the governor's room of the State-house at Springfield, attended only by his private secretary, Mr. Nicolay. Friends and strangers alike were able to visit him freely and without ceremony, and few went away without being impressed by the sincere frankness of his manner and conversation.

All sorts of people came to see him: those from far-away States, East and West, and those from nearer home. Politicians came to ask him for future favors.

He wrote no public letters, and he made no speeches beyond a few words of thanks and greeting to passing street parades. Even the strictly private letters in which he gave his advice on points in the campaign were not more than a dozen in number; but all through the long summer, while welcoming his throngs of visitors, listening to the tales of old settlers, making friends of strangers, and binding old friends closer by his ready sympathy, Mr. Lincoln watched political developments very closely, not merely to note the progress of his own chances, but with an anxious view to the future in case he should be elected. Beyond the ever-changing circle of friendly faces near him he saw the growing unrest and anger of the South, and doubtless felt the uncertainty of many good people in the North, who questioned the power of this untried Western man to guide the country through the coming perils.

Never over-confident of his own powers, his mind must at times have been full of misgivings; but it was only on the night of the election, November 6, 1860, when, sitting alone with the operators in the little telegraph-office at Springfield, he read the messages of Republican victory that fell from the wires until convinced of his election, that the overwhelming, almost crushing weight of his coming duties and responsibilities fell upon him. In that hour, grappling resolutely and alone with the problem before him, he completed what was really the first act of his Presidency—the choice of his cabinet, of the men who were to aid him.

People who doubted the will or the wisdom of their Rail-splitter Candidate need have had no fear. A weak man would have chosen this little band of counselors—the Secretary of

State, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the half-dozen others who were to stand closest to him and to be at the head of the great departments of the government—from among his personal friends. A man uncertain of his own power would have taken care that no other man of strong nature with a great following of his own should be there to dispute his authority. Lincoln did the very opposite. He had a sincere belief in public opinion, and a deep respect for the popular will. In this case he felt that no men represented that popular will so truly as those whose names had been considered by the Republican National Convention in its choice of a candidate for President. So, instead of gathering about him his friends, he selected his most powerful rivals in the Republican party. William H. Seward, of New York, was to be his Secretary of State; Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, his Secretary of the Treasury; Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, his Secretary of War; Edward Bates, of Missouri, his Attorney-General. The names of all of these men had been before the Convention. Each one had hoped to be President in his stead. For the other three members of his Cabinet he had to look elsewhere. Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, for Secretary of the Navy; Montgomery Blair, of Maryland, for Postmaster-General; and Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, for Secretary of the Interior, were finally chosen. When people complained, as they sometimes did, that by this arrangement the cabinet consisted of four men who had been Democrats in the old days, and only three who had been Whigs, Lincoln smiled his wise, humorous smile and answered that he himself had been a Whig, and would always be there to make matters even. It is not likely that this exact list was in his mind on the night of the November election; but the principal names in it most certainly were. To some of these gentlemen he offered their appointments by letter. Others he asked to visit him in Springfield to talk the matter over. Much delay and some misunderstanding occurred before the list was finally completed: but when he sent it to the Senate, on the day after his inauguration, it was practically the one he had in his mind from the beginning.

A President is elected by popular vote early in November, but he is not inaugurated until the following fourth of March. Until the day of his inauguration, when he takes the oath of office and begins to discharge his duties, he is not only not President — he has no more power in the affairs of the Government than the humblest private citizen. It is easy to imagine the anxieties and misgivings that beset Mr. Lincoln during the four long months that lay between his election and his inauguration. True to their threats never to endure the rule of a "Black Republican" President, the Cotton States one after the other withdrew their senators and representatives from Congress, passed what they called "Ordinances of Secession," and declared themselves to be no longer a part of the United States. One after another, too, army and navy officers stationed in the Southern States gave up to the Southern leaders in this movement the forts, navy-yards, arsenals, mints, ships, and other government property under their charge. President Buchanan, in whose hands alone rested the power to punish these traitors and avenge their insults to the government he had sworn to protect and defend, showed no disposition to do so; and Lincoln, looking on with a heavy heart, was unable to interfere in any way. No matter how anxiously he might watch the developments at Washington or in the Cotton States, no matter what appeals might be made to him, no action of any kind was possible to him.

The only bit of cheer that came to him and other Union men during this anxious season of waiting, was in the conduct of Major Robert Anderson at Charleston Harbor, who, instead of following the example of other officers who were proving unfaithful, boldly defied the Southern "secessionists," and moving his little handful of soldiers into the harbor fort best fitted for defense, prepared to hold out against them until help could reach him from Washington.

In February the leaders of the Southern people met at Montgomery, Alabama, adopted a Constitution, and set up a government which they called the Confederate States of America, electing Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, President, and Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President. Stephens was the "little, slim, pale-faced con-

sumptive man" whose speech in Congress had won Lincoln's admiration years before. Davis had been the child who began his schooling so near to Lincoln in Kentucky. He had had a far different career. Good fortune had carried him to West Point, into the Mexican War, into the cabinet of President Franklin Pierce, and twice into the Senate. He had had money, high office, the best education his country could give him — everything, it seemed, that had been denied to Lincoln. Now the two men were the chosen heads of two great opposing factions, one bent on destroying the government that had treated him so kindly; the other, for whom it had done so little, willing to lay down his life in its defense.

It must not be supposed that Lincoln remained idle during these four months of waiting. Besides completing his cabinet, and receiving his many visitors, he devoted himself to writing his inaugural address, withdrawing himself for some hours each day to a quiet room over the store of his brother-in-law, where he could think and write undisturbed. The newspaper correspondents who had gathered at Springfield, though alert for every item of news, and especially anxious for a sight of his inaugural address, seeing him every day as usual, got not the slightest hint of what he was doing.

Mr. Lincoln started on his journey to Washington on February 11, 1861, two days after Jefferson Davis had been elected President of the Confederate States of America. He went on a special train, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and their three children, his two private secretaries, and about a dozen personal friends. Mr. Seward had suggested that because of the unsettled condition of public affairs it would be better for the President-elect to come a week earlier; but Mr. Lincoln allowed himself only time comfortably to fill the engagements he had made to visit the State capitals and principal cities that lay on his way, to which he had been invited by State and town officials, regardless of party. The morning on which he left Springfield was dismal and stormy, but fully a thousand of his friends and neighbors assembled to bid him farewell. The weather seemed to add to the gloom and depression of their spirits, and the leave-taking was one of subdued anxiety,



LINCOLN IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT SPRINGFIELD RECEIVING THE NEWS OF HIS ELECTION,
AND MAKING CHOICE OF HIS CABINET.

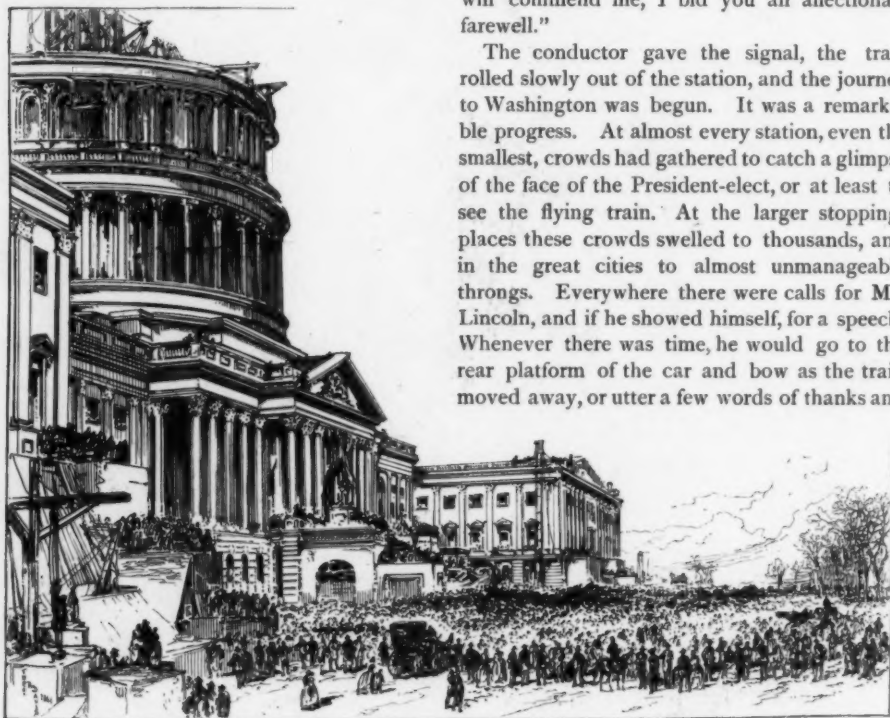
almost of solemnity. Mr. Lincoln took his stand in the waiting-room while his friends filed past him, often merely pressing his hand in silent emotion. The arrival of the rushing train broke in upon this ceremony, and the crowd closed about the car into which the President-elect and his party made their way. Just as they were starting, when the conductor had his hand upon the bell-rope, Mr. Lincoln stepped out upon the front platform and made the fol-

lowing brief and pathetic address. It was the last time his voice was to be heard in the city which had so long been his home:

“My Friends: No one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I

now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.”

The conductor gave the signal, the train rolled slowly out of the station, and the journey to Washington was begun. It was a remarkable progress. At almost every station, even the smallest, crowds had gathered to catch a glimpse of the face of the President-elect, or at least to see the flying train. At the larger stopping-places these crowds swelled to thousands, and in the great cities to almost unmanageable throngs. Everywhere there were calls for Mr. Lincoln, and if he showed himself, for a speech. Whenever there was time, he would go to the rear platform of the car and bow as the train moved away, or utter a few words of thanks and



THE INAUGURATION OF LINCOLN.
(From a sketch by Theodore R. Davis, made at the time.)

greeting. At the capitals of Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and in the cities of Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia, halts of one or two days were made, the time being filled with formal visits and addresses to each house of the legislature, street processions, large evening receptions, and other ceremonies.

Party foes as well as party friends made up these expectant crowds. Every eye was eager,

Every eye was eager,

Every eye was eager,

every ear strained, to get some hint of the thoughts and purposes of the man who was to be the guide and head of the nation in the crisis that every one now knew to be upon the country, but the course and end of which the wisest could not foresee. In spite of all the cheers and the enthusiasm, there was also an undercurrent of anxiety for his personal safety, for the South had openly boasted that Lincoln would never live to be inaugurated President. He himself paid no heed to such warnings; but the railroad officials, and others who were responsible for his journey, had detectives on watch at different points to report any suspicious happenings. Nothing occurred to change the program already agreed upon until the party reached Philadelphia; but there Mr. Lincoln was met by Frederick W. Seward, the son of his future Secretary of State, with an important message from his father. A plot had been discovered to do violence to, and perhaps kill, the President-elect as he passed through the city of Baltimore. Mr. Seward and General Scott, the venerable hero of the Mexican War, who was now at the head of the army, begged him to run no risk, but to alter his plans so that a portion of his party might pass through Baltimore by a night train without previous notice. The seriousness of the warning was doubled by the fact that Mr. Lincoln had just been told of a similar, if not exactly the same, danger, by a Chicago detective employed in Baltimore by one of the great railroad companies. Two such warnings, coming from entirely different sources, could not be disregarded; for however much Mr. Lincoln might dislike to change his plans for so shadowy a danger, his duty to the people who had elected him forbade his running any unnecessary risk. Accordingly, after fulfilling all his engagements in Philadelphia and Harrisburg on February 22, he and a single companion took a night train, passed quietly through Baltimore, and arrived in Washington about daylight on the morning of February 23. This action called forth much talk, ranging from highest praise to ridicule and blame. A reckless newspaper reporter telegraphed all over the country the absurd story that he had traveled disguised in a Scotch cap and a long mili-

tary cloak. There was, of course, not a word of truth in the absurd tale. The rest of the party followed Mr. Lincoln at the time originally planned. They saw great crowds in the streets of Baltimore, but there was now no occasion for violence.

In the week that passed between his arrival and the day of his inauguration Mr. Lincoln exchanged the customary visits of ceremony with President Buchanan, his cabinet, the Supreme Court, the two houses of Congress, and other dignitaries.

Careful preparations for the inauguration had been made under the personal direction of General Scott, who held the small military force in the city ready instantly to suppress any attempt to disturb the peace and quiet of the day.

On the morning of the fourth of March President Buchanan and Citizen Lincoln, the outgoing and incoming heads of the government, rode side by side in a carriage from the Executive Mansion, or White House, as it is more commonly called, to the Capitol, escorted by an imposing procession; and at noon a great throng of people heard Mr. Lincoln read his inaugural address as he stood on the east portico of the Capitol, surrounded by all the high officials of the government. Senator Douglas, his unsuccessful rival, standing not an arm's length away from him, courteously held his hat during the ceremony. A cheer greeted him as he finished his address. Then the Chief Justice arose, the clerk opened his Bible, and Mr. Lincoln, laying his hand upon the book, pronounced the oath:

"I, Abraham Lincoln, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Amid the thundering of cannon and the applause of all the spectators, President Lincoln and Citizen Buchanan again entered their carriage and drove back from the Capitol to the Executive Mansion, on the threshold of which Mr. Buchanan, warmly shaking the hand of his successor, expressed his wishes for the personal happiness of the new President, and for the national peace and prosperity.

(To be continued.)



THE GIPSY GIRL. (SEE PAGE 526.)

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ON THE ROMANY ROAD.

By J. M. GLEESON.

I WAS awakened one soft summer night—oh, long years ago—by strange, stealthy noises, as of a caravan creeping slowly by my father's house.

I wondered that our dog Fido did not bark, and the fact of his not doing so added to the mystery. I could hear the hens that were roosting in the old cherry-tree by the front fence whispering in low, startled notes to each other, and down by the pond a duck quack once, very sleepily. So in the morning when I came down I was not surprised to hear that a band of gipsies was camping in the old stone-quarry.

I really knew nothing about gipsies, but the very sound of the word had always given me the strangest sensations, and I could not quickly enough get away to visit them.

Ah! those gipsies! What a splendid band it was! What strings of sleek horses they had, manes and tails bedecked with ribbons and wondrous designs of plaited straw. And the great covered wagons,—houses on wheels,—larger than the largest farm-wagon, the sides divided into panels on which were painted the loveliest, shiniest pictures of such flowers and landscapes as man's mortal eye had never beheld! And over the narrow doors and high-perched little windows hung long draperies of white lace. And the tents—some white and glistening in the morning sun, while others, more interesting still, were patched and weather-stained. Over the fires, suspended from heavy curved iron bars, hung black pots and kettles, and from these came savory odors as they were tended by dark, wrinkled old women with wild elf-locks and gaily colored handkerchiefs thrown over their heads. Dark, foreign-looking men sprawled at length beneath the wagons, smoking or sleeping; and, I remember, it seemed very strange to me to see a man sleeping in the daytime. A troop of children played about, or gathered brambles from the

surrounding woods; and, to my amazement, I could understand no word of theirs.

The band remained there a couple of weeks, and among them it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of a boy of my own age. I was disappointed when I learned that his name was Tom; it did not seem to fit him at all, and I suspected that among his people he had another one.

I asked him which of the women was queen, but he quite failed to understand me. Still, I believed that somewhere, lurking in the dark interior of van or tent, was a beautiful woman, possibly with some kind of a crown on her head, who was their queen.

And all in due time, like a dream, they passed away, as did my childhood, youth, and early manhood; and the great cities of the world swallowed me, until green fields, running brooks, woods and flowers seemed things of books, and paintings, and the wild, dark-skinned people that pitched their tents among them belonged only to the theater and the page of romance.

But there came at last a time when I was weary of all the great cities could promise me, and I turned back to the open country, not in my own land, but far beyond the waters; and on a day I followed the windings of a pleasant meadow stream, or rested on the mossy bank in the cool shadow of the silvery willows.

By the edge of the far-stretching moorland my eye lazily noted a thin line of white smoke that hung like a silent signal, and my feet almost unconsciously turned toward it. A green heron arose at my approach, and with a hoarse, hollow croak flapped heavily a short distance down the stream, and disappeared once more among the reeds. I was anxious to observe his movements in his native haunts, and crept warily in his direction. I was a long time in finding him, and only did so when my eye caught the lightning movement of his neck as

he plunged his javelin-like beak into the water. When he withdrew it, I saw that he had some struggling thing in its relentless grasp. There was a moment's convulsive movement of the long throat, a light, hollow clattering of the bill, and then again, he stood absolutely motionless.

I suppose I watched him a long time, fascinated, marveling at his patience and his accuracy of aim. I forgot everything else—the busy world, the long walk back to the village, and the thread of white smoke—when I was suddenly awakened by the sharp bark of a dog. The heron took wing and flew heavily away. I arose, and looked over the reeds across the water in the direction of the disturbing sound that had broken the perfect silence.

Like a flash came back the memory of that night when I heard the gipsies passing by my father's house, and I thrilled again with the joy of feeling the old nomad still strong within me.

Two heavily built white horses stood on the edge of the stream; one was nibbling at the moist, rich grass, while the other with raised head looked inquiringly in my direction. A young girl stood by their heads, holding a rough rope halter. At her bare brown feet, though a little in advance, like a gallant protector, was an alert little collie pup, one dainty foot raised, ready poised for anything that might happen. Just over the brow of the gentle slope that led down to the stream was the dark body of a closed van, and beside it a weather-beaten, circular tent. A couple of dark figures hovered over a small fire.

My heart throbbed as I murmured: "A gipsy camp! Real Romanies of the old sort!"

The girl's face was warm and dark, and from beneath the yellow handkerchief thrown loosely about her head her hair showed inky black. A few moments she stood there, and then with skilful hand, she wheeled about the two clumsy horses, and with the puppy frisking and barking in front of her, hastened away to the camp.

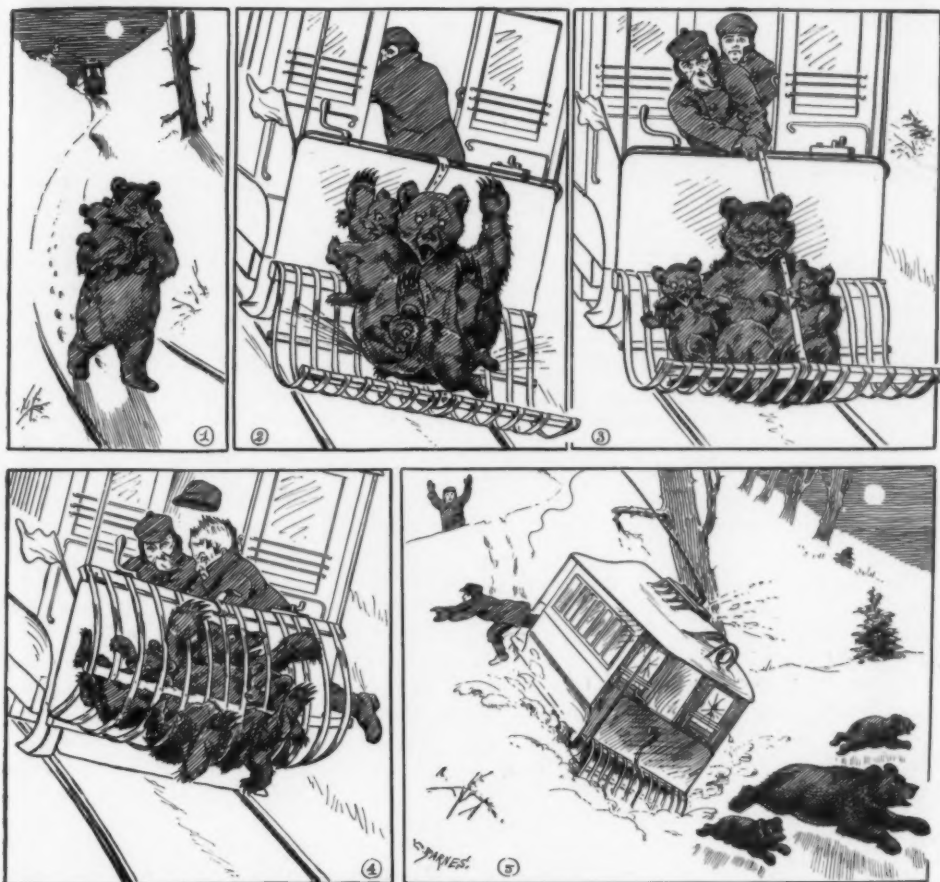
I longed to talk with the gipsy band and looked up the stream to discover if by any chance there might be some means of crossing to the other side; but seeing no sign of bridge or ford, and that the night was closing in, I turned homeward.

How eagerly I awaited the coming of the morrow, when I might hasten to make acquaintance with the tent-dwellers on the lonely moor! I refreshed my memory with what gipsy lore I possessed, and even dreamt of spending the whole morning with these free people of the field and roadside. But alas! in the morning such a storm beat across the moor as made it quite impossible to venture forth.

The next morning, however, was bright and clear, and slinging my sketching outfit over my shoulder, I hastened away. This time I, of course, was on the opposite side of the river, and I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the signal smoke. But the sky was empty, and over the moor was a wondrous silence, not even my friend the heron welcoming me with harsh croak; and when at length I arrived at the brow of the slope where the tent and van had stood, I found a few smoke-blackened stones embedded in cold, wet ashes. The gipsies had fared on along the Romany road.



A TROLLEY-PARTY IN THE NORTH WOODS.



1. Mrs. Bruin: "I am so tired carrying you fat babies, I wish we could get a lift!" 2. The wish unexpectedly comes true. 3. "Is n't this great! We'll soon be home at this rate." 4. The trolley men try to make a capture, but— 5. The trolley, unattended, jumps the track, and the Bruins continue their journey afoot.

MY LUCKY BROTHER.

(A Household Jingle.)

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

I HAVE a brother not so tall,—
I have n't any other,—
So he 's what you may really call
A very lucky brother;

For when my trousers get too small
For me to wear, our mother
Just "takes them in," seams, legs, and all,
And gives them to my brother!

COURAGE.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

JACK was small for his age.

"He is small inside, too," said Al White.

"He is scared of everything."

Jack's face flushed very red. It was true. He did feel afraid of a good many different things.

"What's this?" said a voice behind him.

"Afraid, is he? Yes, I have noticed that. He is the youngster that could n't even screw his courage up to tell a lie."

It was George Haynes. He was talking about the first day at school, when Jack had broken a window-pane at recess and had walked right up the school-house steps into the office and the terrible presence of Dr. Bonsal and told him that he had done it.

George was the biggest and strongest boy in the school; he knew his lessons best, and he was the jolliest. So now, when he smiled down at Jack, Al did not tease him any more for the present.

"But I wish I could be brave," Jack said dolefully to himself, when he had turned the corner away from the others. "It's splendid to be brave. And it's right. I try. Mother says"—Jack smiled a little—"that she can see some difference in me."

Jack had come to his own gate. The baby was at the window, with his hands patting the panes and a wrinkle of welcome across his scrap of a nose.

"Well, anyway," said Jack, "I'll just try on, and maybe after a while the change will be big enough for almost any one to notice it."

So the days went by until they made a month. Some of them were rather sorrowful days for Jack. There was the time at recess when George Haynes's shaggy yellow dog bounded up to him and put his great, rough paws on Jack's shoulders just for sport. Jack "yelled like a Comanche," Al White said.

"That dog," Al said, "is exactly like a kitten, it's so playful, everybody knows."

"But," stammered Jack, "it was so—unexpected."

"If it had been expected," grinned Al, "you would have been up in the third story when it came. You are an elegant runner."

Then there was the day when they all went down in the woods and came to a brook with just a narrow branch over it for a bridge. All the rest walked across and thought it was fun. But Jack would not go a step. He went home.

Then there were other days with other similar happenings.

The school-house was off by itself at the end of a new side-street. No house was near. Every afternoon Mrs. McNeill went to sweep and clean it. Often she took her little girl Flora with her, when there was nobody "to keep her" at home. The next afternoon after the month was over, Al and Jack and three or four others were walking past the school.

Suddenly Al cried out: "Look there! Look at that!"

Great puffs of smoke were coming out of the windows on one side, and a nimble little streak of flame was running under the eaves.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" shouted all the boys.

A man passing in a buggy heard them and saw, and whipped up his horse to carry the alarm.

The boys rushed into the school-yard, wild with excitement, delighted that they were privileged to enjoy "the whole show"—all of them but Jack. Jack hung back.

"It won't bite you, Jack," said Al, encouragingly, "any more than Spur. Come in!"

Jack did not answer. Indeed, he had no time. For again Al cried out sharply:

"Look!"

The other boys followed his horrified gesture and saw Flora McNeill standing at a second-story window. They called and beckoned to her to come down; she shook her head and spoke to them, but they could not hear what she said.

"You must come!" screamed Al. "You must—"



"HE HAD PUT HIS JACKET OVER FLORA'S HEAD, AND HE WAS LEADING HER DOWN THE STAIRS."

"She can't!" broke in one of the boys, remembering. "Her mother has locked her in. The key is in the door."

The clouds of smoke were thicker, the strip of fire was wider, and through the boys' blank silence came the sound of a deep rumble in the school-house.

Al's face was white.

"The firemen will be here soon with a ladder," he muttered. "It won't take them any time —"

He did not finish. Jack brushed past him on a run, dashed up the school-house steps, and vanished in the building.

After an endless minute the boys outside saw him for an instant at the window with Flora, then both were gone.

He was longer coming down. But he came at last. He had put his jacket over Flora's head, as Dr. Bonsal had told them to do in cases of fire, and he was leading her down the stairs, passing the firemen in the smoke.

"I guess she's all right," he said. There was a queer gasp in his voice; he choked and shut his eyes and fell over on the grass.

"He's dead! Oh, he's dead!" cried Al. "Nobody can ever tell him how brave he was!"

When the slow village fire-engine began pumping, flames were lapping over the sides of the window where Flora and Jack had been. And the man in the buggy had driven off again to carry Jack to his mother.

His mother did not say anything. She just kissed him on the top of his singed hair.

He had also burned his hands, but while the burns were painful they were not serious. In three or four days he could go back to school again.

School was in the town hall. It was not far away, but it took Jack a long time to get there, for so many persons stopped him and asked him how he felt. It made him very uneasy, for fear he should be late. At last, however, he dodged into the door of the hall and began to climb the steep stairs. His last thought before he got to the top was:

"As soon as recess comes I'll remind Al White that I went in where the fire was of my own free will. He can't say I did n't."

All the scholars were assembled in the main hall for prayers. Dr. Bonsal was standing on the platform with the Bible in his hand, ready to begin, when the door-knob turned and Jack slipped in.

Dr. Bonsal laid down the Bible, and every head turned toward the late comer.

Jack hesitated. The room was very still. Dr. Bonsal walked down from the platform to the door.

"My boy," he said, when he got to Jack, "we are all prone —"

He must have felt a cough or a sneeze or something in his throat, for he stopped to clear it. And after that he did not go on. He began to shake hands with Jack, but when he saw all his tied-up fingers he had to stop again. Then what do you think he did — this very dignified principal? He put his hand under Jack's chin, tilted his face up, and stooped and kissed him on his forehead! *Kissed him!* Right out before the school!

How those boys and girls did clap and cheer and cheer! Jack thought that they would never stop. And Dr. Bonsal just let them and smiled.

Jack changed what he was going to tell Al at recess. After Al had talked a great deal himself, what Jack really did say, uncomfortably, was:

"But I'm scary yet. Mother thinks I'm better, but I'm still scary, I guess."

"Pshaw! That's nothing!" said Al. "If a person is scarier of meanness than he is of anything else, so that he's brave at the best times, then other little frights don't matter very much."

Then Jack drew a deep breath, and turned to his lessons, with an easy mind. For he saw that after this Al would always take his part.

"But," said Jack, within himself, "I'm going to get braver than those other sudden, little frights, besides. I can."

TRAINING BOTH HEAD AND HAND.

BY CHARLES C. JOHNSON.



A LESSON IN BREADMAKING.

How queer it would have seemed to the sturdy children who kicked with bare feet against the rude benches of the district schools a century ago to have been told they were to learn to cook, to make dresses, to trim hats, to be boy carpenters, etc.! But that was long before the Old World commenced to send us hundreds of thousands of her people every year. It is principally the children of those who come to America from other countries, who make the public schools of New York city the greatest in size and most important in the world.

In order to make these young people as useful as possible, there has been established in the public schools of many of our large cities a course of work that seems to have little to do with gaining a school education as our parents used to think of it.

It has been found necessary, in order to help the young students' minds to grow in the right way, that the boys and girls of the

schools should have what their teachers term "ethical training"; that is, the training which teaches duty to self and to others. These, among other things, are taught:

Duties to parents, brothers, sisters, and playmates; to servants and other employees; to employers and all in authority; to the old, the poor, and the unfortunate. Conduct at home, at the table, at school, on the street, in public meetings, and in public conveyances. Regularity, punctuality, self-control, cheerfulness, neatness, purity, temperance, honesty, truthfulness, obedience, industry, and patriotism.

I peeped into a manual-training workroom in a big public school of New York city one day, just to see how the boys behaved when by themselves, for no teacher was present. Each hand was occupied with the task of the moment, and each head was bent over it in a way that showed the keenest interest. Instead of looking for a chance to be mischie-



MASTERING THE ART OF MAKING CAKE.

vous, every boy seemed bent on doing the work assigned him as if his whole success in life depended upon the result. It was plain no one even thought of play.

"You see," said the teacher to me, when he came in, "each boy wants to do his very best. That is the spirit we try to instil. The boy who really wants to learn the best way to perform whatever he may be asked to do is the boy who is certain to gain success in some degree." This is just as true of girls as of boys, and there are hundreds of girls—some home helpers and others among the ranks of

the wage-earners—who owe the pleasure they draw from life to the system in vogue in the public schools.

Among the natural impulses of boys and girls are strong desires to examine, construct, and decorate. In the public school manual-training courses every effort is made to encourage such impulses. For instance, early in February the younger children fold, cut, and paste some form in connection with St. Valentine's day. In the same month comes Washington's birthday, and a tree, a hatchet, or a flag is the drawing-lesson or the lesson in object-making



A LESSON IN SERVING.

Next come the lessons in occupation. A chair, a table, or a pail is made of paper or cardboard. Sometimes a pan, a kettle, or something of that sort is created either of cardboard or of paper. Again, the object is a wagon, a cart, or sometimes it is a wheelbarrow, or a bird, or animals.

Nature study is first taken up by the children drawing or cutting out a bird, or a chicken-coop, or some animal form. Pictures of birds, animals and inanimate objects are placed on the walls of the school-rooms, and from these knowledge is gained not only as to the form of the bird or other study, and



A CLASS IN DRESSMAKING.

its general appearance, but the lesson of close observation is taught.

One thing is sought at all times—to make each boy and girl think for himself or herself. If a girl is making an invitation card from a model, and believes she can, by a little change in form, render it more attractive, she is urged to do so. Each child is taught to plan defin-



LEARNING HOW TO TRIM HATS.

itely and to carry out his or her plan. In all the lessons, whatever the study, his work, through such training, becomes intelligent, systematic, and thorough.

In the schools where our grandfathers and grandmothers were boys and girls the knowledge gained was chiefly confined to what in those days was known as "book-learning." The most modern public school is that which teaches the pupil how to use his hands as well as his head. Besides, in the New York schools, and in the public schools of some other cities, the girls are taught domestic science. That is the scholarly name for housekeeping.

The little girl who is instructed in housewifely ways by her mother thinks it queer, I am sure, that any girl should have to go to school to learn housekeeping; but, alas! all mothers are not good housewives, and so it is that thousands of girls are learning in the public schools how properly to wash, clean, scrub, and cook, gaining every day knowledge that brings health and happiness to the home.



LEARNING NATURAL HISTORY AT THE MUSEUM.

In the public-school cooking-classes the girls, great and small, are taught that the first principle to master is cleanliness, and the sec-



LESSONS IN LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

ond economy. The need of such teaching is shown by the wasteful and extravagant ways in which the ordinary child of parents in poor circumstances does the simplest household tasks, as well as by the strange uses made of things. The work of the cooking-class is conducted along practical lines which give the child knowledge that can be applied to the preparation of the food usually found in her own home. The amount of home work reported by these girls is surprising. Many who never knew the taste of any bread except that at the cheapest of bakeries learn to make good bread for themselves. Often the children bring food materials from their homes, and these are made appetizing under the instruction of the teacher.

Cakes are made of simple materials; desserts, with an eye to trifling cost. The girls are shown how to cook the cheapest cuts of meat so that they will be most wholesome.

Another thing these school-girls learn is how to arrange food upon the table at a family dinner, how it should be served by a waitress. All those many little things included in that broad phrase, "table manners," are taught. Such knowledge is an aid to any girl, because it helps her to grow into that delightful personage, a well-mannered, womanly woman.

All the girls take these lessons into their own homes, and teachers who have visited their pupils say that in some of the tenement dwelling-places, where poverty is ever present, pinched lives have been almost illuminated by the practical application of the methods of living which the little daughters of the poor have mastered in their hours of school life.

When the task of teaching public-school girls to sew was begun, the lesson was confined to instruction in hemming and stitching. Now, in a number of the schools, girls from homes where the family wardrobes are of home manufacture are allowed to bring to school garments that are being fashioned for younger brothers and sisters, where the teacher gives them practical instruction regarding the work in hand. In this way, the knowledge gained is particularly of the sort that helps in everyday life.

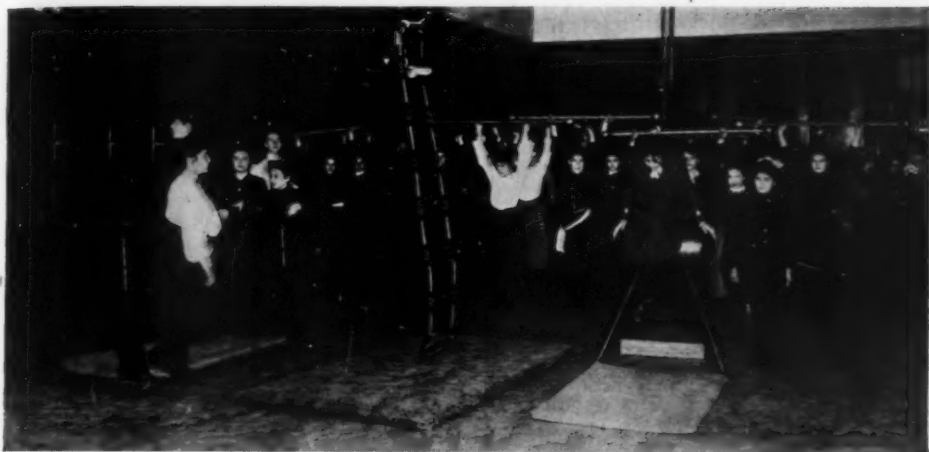
In one school each child was told that if mother had bought a dress for one of the children, or rather the material for it, and had not time to make it, the child might bring the cloth to school and make the dress herself. As a result, the teacher in that school gave out, finished, the last day of the term of the sewing-class, three hundred garments fashioned by the children from material they furnished.

In the evening schools there are sewing and dressmaking classes for the older girls and women, where the art of sewing in all its



IN THE CARPENTRY SHOP.

branches is taught, especially to those whose earlier years lacked opportunity to gain the knowledge so valuable to every girl. Some-



GIRLS AT EXERCISE IN THE GYMNASIUM.

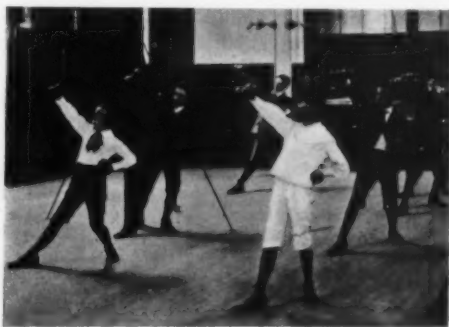
times there are found among the evening-school pupils mothers inspired to attend the sewing-classes by their daughters, who have been taught in the day schools. These mothers prove among the most diligent of all scholars.

On the walls of the school-rooms where sewing is taught specimens of the pupils' work can be seen at all times. These show that diligent fingers, without neglecting essentials, have found time to fashion many dainty articles. There are few girls who do not wish to sew—surprisingly few; and a great proportion of them develop into experts with the needle. The mothers, too, urge their daughters to learn all that they can in these classes; for, besides making them of great assistance at home, the girls take better care of their own clothes, because they realize just how many stitches are required in the making.

Equipping a girl with the knowledge that enables her to make her own dresses is one of the greatest lessons in self-help the public school teaches. It not only fits her to make her own clothing, but, if she wishes to earn her living as a dressmaker, it qualifies her to take up that work at a point where she can command living wages. New York dress-makers, for instance, always give a girl who has learned sewing in the public schools the preference when engaging assistants.

The dresses disposed of, there remains that

most important factor in a girl's equipment—her hat. The millinery class of the public school never lacks for pupils. Here, however, as in the dressmaking, the teacher is confronted with startling likes and dislikes in the matter of color. Almost invariably, the desire of children whose parents came to the United States from one of the Latin countries, as well as from Russia, runs to bright colors, harmony being a forgotten element. So the teacher tries to illustrate harmony in combination, and pleasing contrasts in colors. The children are encouraged to bring old artificial flowers, ribbons, and velvets from home. They are taught



DUMB-BELL EXERCISE.

how to renovate them. Then comes the color instruction. In certain schools the millinery and art teachers work together, and children

are taught to make color sketches of hats they think they would like. Where taste is faulty, patient correction, as a rule, finally brings about museums by their teachers, but lectures on the subjects connected with particular lines of study are often given to the classes.



A WAND DRILL.

a correct understanding of color relations and harmony. It is found that the very best way to teach color harmony is to take the children where they can see how Nature always places together colors each of which makes the others more attractive. So the classes, accompanied by their teachers, study Nature in the parks, and learn from her what even the best of textbooks do not tell them. In the same way girls and boys are taught natural history.

The Natural History Museum is a wonderful object-lesson. The most familiar birds, beasts, and fowls, as well as the reproductions of the monsters of past ages, are seen as no description could place them in the minds of children who study about them solely in books. Not only are the children thus taken to the

The nature room of the public school is large and sunny, with plenty of blackboard space. At times the room is a veritable bower. Flowers in profusion, brought in through the united efforts of teachers and pupils, fill jugs and jars. A hanging basket generally graces one of the windows, and attractive window boxes are also seen. Fish swim, moths and bugs fly, and frogs jump in quarters allotted them. It is amazingly like out-of-doors.

Often there is found beside one wall a small farm in boxes, which causes the little farmers much solicitude at harvest times. Then there are other boxes which illustrate landscape-gardening. The latter, however, are more often found upon the roofs of the school buildings than in the nature rooms.



FENCING EXERCISE.

In this way nature becomes something more than description taught from books. Many thousands of city children have never seen the real country, and they cannot go to it. So the public schools are, as far as possible, bringing the country and its pleasant ways to them.

While in the general work of the public school the education of boys and girls is along similar paths of learning, special studies differ widely. Manual training is one of the most gratifying courses in point of result. It is not taught so much with the idea of giving a child a start in a trade as to teach the use of the hands to the best advantage. If we will only stop to think about it, many of us will see

No attempt is made to train a boy to become a finished workman in any line. The end sought is to develop in him any taste for the arts which may be latent.

One fact of peculiar interest is that in a number of the schools much of the apparatus used in the manual training and other branches of study is made by the students themselves. Especially is this true in the evening schools, where, at least in one case that came under my observation, much of the electrical equipment is constructed by the pupils.

In the bench-work classes the boys are busy turning out boxes, ink-stands, photograph frames, and dozens of other articles. When



A SWORD DRILL.

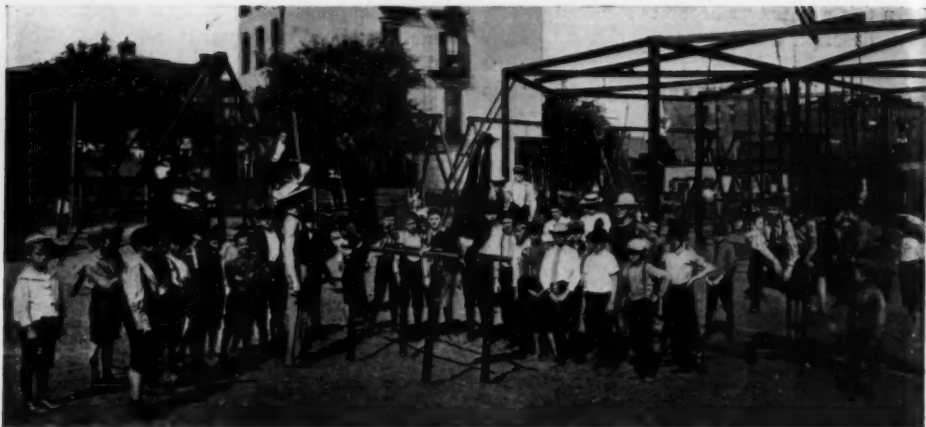
plainly that our fingers and thumbs by no means give us the skilful service they might had they been properly trained. This is why it benefits any boy to take the manual-training course. It gives him a control of his muscles that no other form of exercise makes possible.

The boy who takes manual training is taught to think for himself, to give free expression to his thought, and to act accordingly. In bench-work—that is, work accomplished at the bench—a type model, one that gives a general idea of the subject, is used. With this as a starting-point a boy begins his work of construction. He may be making a wall-pocket, a clock-case, a brasswork bowl, or some other of the many creations of which models were given. His foundation, in a degree, is the type model, but the conclusion of the task shows the real thought and skill of the boy himself; for he is told to make the finishing details whatever he best likes.

completed these creations belong to those who made them. They are found in thousands of city homes, and in some are the only articles of the sort possessed. The class in ironwork makes easels, paper racks, candlesticks, and scrollwork from Venetian iron. Sometimes the smallest boy in the class is the champion worker, and looks up with beaming eyes when his teacher shows his ambitious scrolls with initials wrought therein.

The results obtained in Venetian ironwork are remarkable. Not only are the brackets, the candelabra, the stands, etc., made truly ornamental, but frequently the workmanship shows the careful eye and skilled hand of the true artist. One boy modeled the Brooklyn Bridge, and with the aid of several companions made a genuine working model, complete in every way.

Basketry is the most popular of the industries taught in the public schools. More than



AN OPEN-AIR GYMNASIUM.

almost any other subject it gives the child opportunity to express itself as to color and shape. Development comes through this self-expression. The baskets made are not mere toys. The central idea of both teachers and scholars in constructing them is to make them, first, strong and useful, and at the same time as artistic as possible. In the beginning the size of the basket seems to be the quality foremost in the boys' minds. That a basket

eyes. The teacher guides them, however, to think more of the strength and the firmness, and in these respects one boy often criticizes another's work. It is noticeable, too, that ideas as to color undergo a change. At first the more striking and vivid the contrast, and the greater the number of colors employed, the more the basket delights the owner. Finally, by slow stages, the boys become reconciled to less brilliant combinations, and are thereafter satisfied with softer hues. Occasionally, a small basket-maker clings to his natural love for colors many and bright, and up to the last day of the term admires his basket decorated with a combination of crushed strawberry, pink, and dull reddish-purple, insisting that "Mama likes it, too." Only experience can change so firm an opinion.

There is one class the boys of which often ask to be allowed to stay after school and finish the work in hand. This is the fret-sawing contingent, which transfers designs from printed sheets to wood with the aid of delicate saws, patiently cutting attractive scrolls and fashioning wood into counterparts of leaves of trees. Paper-knives with fancy handles are also made by these children, and ornate but useful wooden baskets.

The great essential to good results in public-school work is health. Thus the physical training of the boys and girls is the subject of especial attention. It is varied in character,



NOON GAMES IN A SCHOOL YARD.

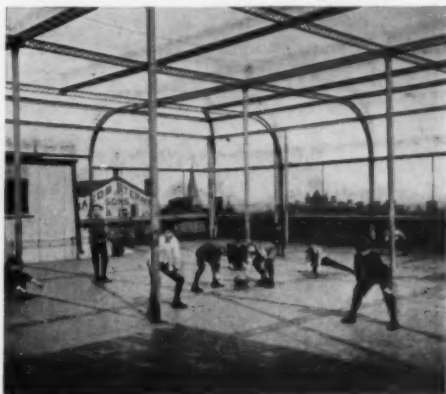
should be large, perhaps, so that mother could carry eggs, potatoes, or even clothes in it, is apparently the necessary requirement in their

although the general line of work is much the same. There are well-equipped gymnasiums for both sexes. In each of these teachers who have made healthful exercise a study instruct the children in chest expansion and muscle strengthening with the aid of dumb-bells, show them how the "buck" and the "horse" make one agile, while rope-climbing and parallel-bar exercise are utilized to develop the muscles and inspire self-confidence.

Then, too, broadsword exercise and drills with the wand—the latter much resembling the old-fashioned school "pointer"—give the children a graceful carriage and a knowledge of how to use arms and legs that is gained in no other fashion. The setting-up exercise, which is a part of the work, has proved a potent enemy to ill-health, ably seconded by the ladder-work and the exciting experiences of the basket-ball court.

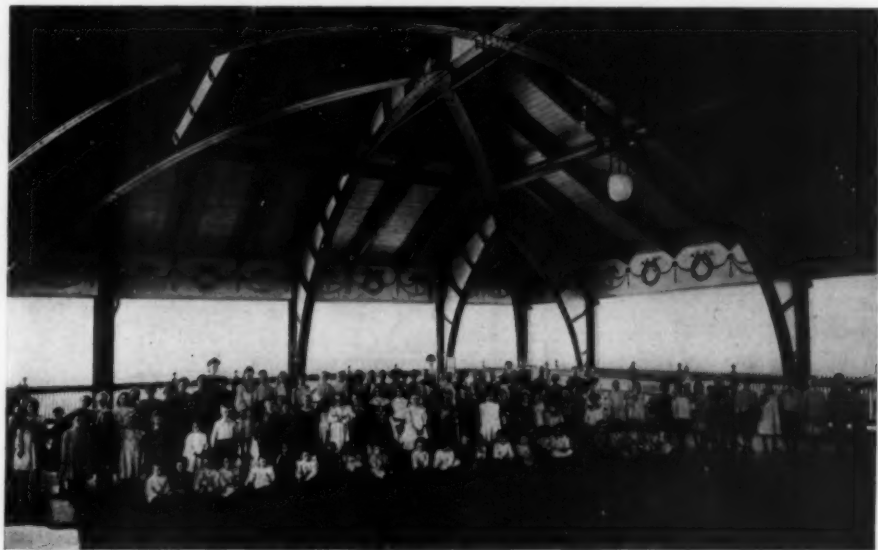
But at recess, and before and after school, the boys and girls need no instruction in the ways of amusing themselves. Some of the schools have roof playgrounds, inclosed with wire screens, where foot-ball and basket-ball can be played as well as on the ground; while

if there is but the ordinary play yard, tag, potato races, etc., are always in order.



FOOT-BALL PRACTICE ON A ROOF PLAYGROUND.

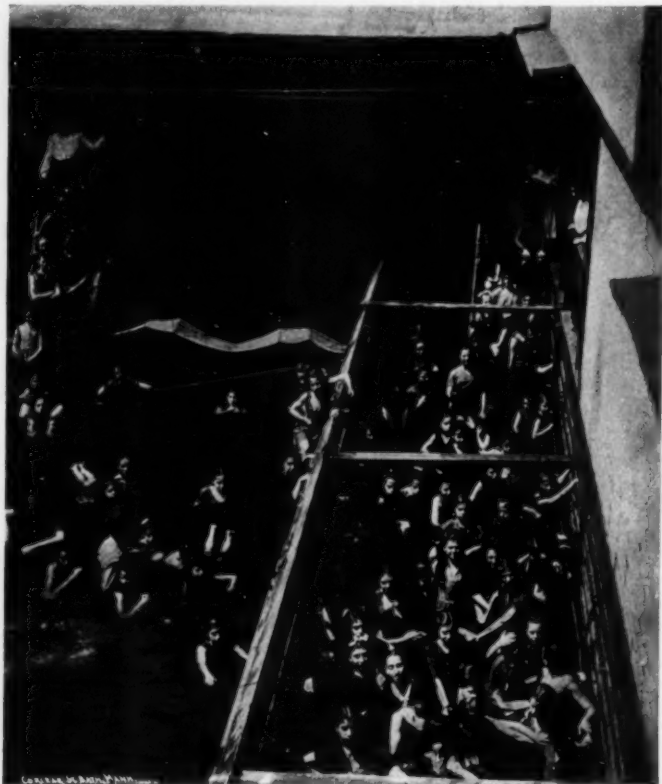
Hygiene and exercise go hand in hand. Unhappily, the joys of the bath are not appreciated by those whose bathing experience has been limited. So the bath is really a part of the public-school course in many cities. Greatest of aids in the warm-weather bathing course is that admirable feature of great cities,



A SUMMER CLASS ON A RECREATION PIER.

the public bath. At certain times of the week school-children go in detachments, in charge of competent instructors, to these baths—one day or one hour will be for girls, and at another hour, or on another day the boys' turn

have taken a new place in the lives of the children for whom they were created. Not only do they teach the three "R's," but, step by step, they help boy and girl along the royal road to success that leads out from the high-



THE GIRLS' HOUR AT A SWIMMING BATH.

will come. Many boys and girls soon learn to swim, and thus increase both their vigor and happiness,—besides the security against possible drowning (of themselves or of others) should an accident occur when, in later life, they might be on the water.

Thus the public schools in the last five years

way of liberal education. The girl learns to be strong, womanly, and wise, versed not only in the wisdom of books, but in the knowledge that every housewife, every mother, needs. The boy is schooled in the practical gospel of self-help, self-reliance, and a clear perception of the duties that fall to the lot of a manly man.

AS TO A CANINE KING.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IF dogs should form an empire great,
As men do who are wiser,
I wonder would their chief of state
Be called the Grand Kai-yi-ser.



LUCKY MR. ELEPHANT CAN LIGHT THE GAS WITHOUT GETTING OUT OF BED.

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

BY AGNES MCCLELLAND DAULTON.

CHAPTER XI.

A BIT OF NEWS.

"THE boys were going to have the bus and take us out to Kinikinnick that way, but Martha Cutting said that she would n't go in the bus, for the Claytons would think we were acting like a lot of country bumpkins going to a fair. That girl has a perfect genius for making one feel uncomfortable." Kate Norris threw herself with such despair into Avis Taylor's hammock that the ropes creaked in protest.

Sue laughed. She had just walked into Monroe on an errand for her father, and had run in to call on Avis; Kate, seeing her in apparel, had joined them on the veranda.

"I can tell you, Sue," said Avis, soberly, "that this is no laughing matter. We can't afford carriages, but Martha thinks nothing else will do. And there are Cedric and little Clara—Belle will want to look after her, and of course Ceddie could have come with the crowd; but now—"

"But now what!" cried Sue. "Why, just this: you are all going in the bus, and you are going to stop for Phil and me. Betty and Peggy are invited with mother to tea, so they will go early. Besides, Virginia suggested it to me herself. Such foolishness! Is Martha running us?"

"Sue, you are a darling! Here we girls have been having a fit over that bus for two mortal days, and you settle it by a word!"

"And now that the getting there is settled,"—and Avis sank back in her chair as if a great weight was off her mind,— "let's talk clothes."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Kate, enthusiastically. Kitty's mother was the village seamstress, and a new dress for some one else was a far commoner occurrence than one for herself. "Mother is making me a pink dimity, with just the least V at the neck, and elbow-sleeves.

Of course I could n't have had it if this had n't been our senior year, and I will really need it for evenings, as there will always be something going on."

"And I have a new white organdie," said Avis, "and Belle a dotted swiss. Even little Clara has a pretty blue lawn. What are you going to wear, Sue?"

Sue was taken quite off her guard. She had been so delighted when Virginia had unfolded her plan that she had never once thought of a gown.

"I hope you will wear the evening gown you are going to take away to school," continued Avis; "we all want to see it so much."

"My evening gown?"

"Why, yes," said Kate. "Of course we know you must have something lovely for little affairs, you are always so stylish, Sue. I hope it is ever so much prettier than Martha's—"

Here, to Sue's astonishment, Avis gave a warning cry, and Kate popped her hand over her own mouth, as if she had just let escape a state secret.

"What is it?" begged Sue, having all an average girl's inquisitiveness. "What is it? Why, Kate Norris, I did n't think you would be so mean as to keep a secret from me!"

"But, Sue," said Kate—it was evident that both girls were longing to tell—"but, Sue, we found it out in such a queer way; and besides, it—well, it won't make you a bit happier; indeed, we are afraid it will make you quite miserable!"

"Yes, quite," Avis assured Sue, looking at her pitifully. "And Virginia, too—it might spoil the party for you both. No, we can't tell—"

"Oh, please!" Sue whispered breathlessly, thinking the whole thing a joke. "Please let me know the worst. I think I can bear it!"

"Well," said Kitty. "Well—"

"Oh, Kitty, ought we to tell?" broke in Avis, her sweet face crinkled with anxiety. "I'm so afraid it will make trouble!"

"I know it will. I just won't tell!" And Kate turned from temptation and hid her face in the hammock cushion.

"So there really is something, then. I thought all the time you were both pretending," said Sue in a matter-of-fact way, seeing that not only was there a secret, but that she must gain it by strategy. "I'm afraid I have n't time to stay very long for it, but just tell me this: have you promised not to tell?"

"Oh, no," cried both girls; "no one knows we know!"

"We each ran against a part of it," explained Kate; "and when we told each other—we have never had a secret we did not share in our lives—then we put two and two together, and *behold!*"

"Will I know it sometime?"

"Oh, yes, soon!"

"Could I prevent its happening if I knew?"

"No; it is too late!"

"Is it dead or alive?"

"Oh, very much alive," giggled Avis.

"It's alive, I shall soon know it, and it will make me unhappy." She thought for a moment, and then added triumphantly, "It's about Martha Cutting!"

"Sue Roberts, you're the brightest thing that ever lived!" cried Avis, admiringly.

"Then it is Martha. Well, tell me the rest. What did she say?"

"Nothing."

"Then what has she done?"

"She has n't done it—she is just going to. But we are not going to tell. It will be bad enough when you see her there!"

This was a slip, as Sue saw by the expression of dismay on both faces.

"At Virginia's?" she asked, pressing her advantage.

"No."

"Why, I'm not going to any other place, except Hope Hall."

"Oh-o-o-o!" wailed Avis.

"You don't mean—you *can't* mean—she is going there!"

Kate suddenly raised her face from the cushion, red and anxious.

"That is it, Sue. You have guessed it, and we have been acting like a pair of sillies, anyway. Sit down again, and I'll tell you all I know. You see, Bruce was up at the school-house one day with Mr. Keen, when Martha Cutting and her mother came in. Mrs. Cutting told Mr. Keen that she wanted all Martha's standings for the last three years, as she had decided to send her away to school. Well, Mr. Keen showed he did n't like it very well, Martha is such a splendid scholar, you know, and he has been so interested in her work. Then she always did have a way of getting around her teachers—"

"She had her lessons better than the rest of us; that's one way," interpolated Avis.

"Yes, I don't want to be unjust to her; she is bright and pretty, but she does not ring true, and you know it."

"But how do you know she is going to Hope Hall?" inquired Sue.

"Just wait a moment and you will see. Bruce told me when he came home—they never noticed him, as he was helping Mr. Keen behind the screen. We are all in the same class, so of course we were interested. Well, the day before, Avis met Martha in the post-office, and you know how she always loves to make you think she has a secret—"

"Yes," broke in Avis. "But I never would have suspected at all if she had n't kept flourishing a letter she had just received. It was in a lavender envelop, with a violet seal, and you know, Sue, Virginia had one just like it that last day you drove up here. So I knew at once it was a letter from Miss Hope, and exclaimed over it. Martha did n't like it a bit when she found I knew, for she had only meant to make me curious; but when I asked her about it, she said she supposed there was no law against other girls beside Sue Roberts and Virginia Clayton going to Hope Hall. Then she sailed away with her nose in the air; but when she found I did n't run after her, she came over that afternoon and was as sweet as peaches. Of course we never mentioned school."

"Mother has been sewing for her for weeks,"

said Kate. "She told Mildred Warner that her aunt had promised to take her to Europe if she received first prize in both voice and piano, but she did not say where she was going. And that is every blessed thing we know!"

"That 's enough! More than a plenty, thank you!" ejaculated Sue. "I feel like the

who knows?—I might have fainted or fallen in a fit, and have had to be carried home on a shutter!"

"Sue Roberts, stop your nonsense!" protested Kitty. "Don't you see Avis is just ready to cry, and that I am too!"

"Well, you need n't," declared Sue, giving



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, SUE? FALTERED DAVIE."

old German woman who said when her cow died, 'Now I'd chust as soon lif as die!' I'm sorry. Martha and I are like oil and water, the lion and the lamb, and lots of other things! We don't mix well. I pity Miss Hope!"

"But, Sue," persisted Kate, "have we done wrong in telling you—"

"Of course not. Why, if it had been sprung on me suddenly at the party or the station—

Avis an affectionate little pat and throwing Kitty a kiss. "I see I've got a job cut out for me, and that 's to learn to like Martha and get her to like me, for she 's my fate. Goodness, did that clock strike eleven? Good-by, girls; I've got to scurry," and away she flew.

"Why, she never told us what she was going to wear to the party!" commented Avis, half an hour later, when the two girls had

quieted their consciences by going in and confessing it all to gentle Mrs. Taylor, who gave them the scolding they felt they deserved, and sent them away comforted.

CHAPTER XII.

DAVIE TO THE RESCUE.

MANDY DOBBINS was hanging up the clothes in the back yard, and Sue—a rather sober Sue—stood at the kitchen table washing the breakfast dishes, while Betty polished the glasses until they shone.

"It seems to me, Sue," said Peggy, in a disconsolate voice,—she was scouring the knives with her board on the window-sill,— "that you are quiet'r to-day than you have ever been before. We always have such fun out here in the kitchen wash-days, and we have n't sung, 'There is a goose,' or 'Whoopsy saw,' or anything!"

"All right, honey," and Sue broke into a half-smile and began in a strained voice:

"Whoopsy saw, sine craw:
The Robertses come to town—"

Well, why don't you both pipe up! I don't feel like singing a solo." For both Peggy and Betty had failed to join in her song.

"It sounded like a funeral," grumbled Peggy; "there was no more fun in your voice than—than—"

"Sue," said Betty, seriously, as she shook out a fresh tea-towel and looked up at the clock, "in four days and eleven hours we will be at Virginia's party! I wish she had n't asked us so long ahead. It's so long to wait when you have never been to a party in your life."

"Clara Wilkin told me at Sunday-school," went on Betty, "that she is going to wear Belle's second-best sash. I do wish you had something to lend, Sue. It's so lovely to wear borrowed clothes!"

"I don't think so," snapped Sue, banging the pan so fiercely that she pushed her favorite little blue bowl to the floor with a crash. "There, that served me right for being so cross!" she groaned as she gathered up the bits. "I'm all out of sorts this morning, and I warn everybody off the premises."

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"What is it, dear?" inquired her mother, coming in with a pan of beans she had just gathered. "Anything wrong, little daughter?"

"There are two things, mother. One is, I just can't be happy about Martha going to Hope Hall, and the other is that Virginia has found out I am going to wear my white shirt-waist suit to the party, and she is bound to lend me her pink silk muslin,—she has never worn it here,—and I won't have it, and she is hurt about it."

"As for Martha's going, you must, my child, for your own sake, get over that foolish feeling. I am so sorry that rose lawn Aunt Serena sent you faded," said Masie, with a sigh.

"My!" said Betty, with a deep breath, "I'm thankful ours were white! If they had been fady, and we should have had to stay at home, I think I should have perished."

"Virginia says Kitty and Avis were right about my needing an evening dress at school," went on Sue, nervously; "and she is begging me to accept the pink for always, but of course I won't."

"No, of course not!" said Mrs. Roberts, emphatically. "I feel troubled about the hat. To be sure, it is simple—"

"I'm sure it could n't have cost much," cried Sue, as if her mother were about to wrest it from her. No one knew how often she slipped out of bed to try on the hat before the old mirror.

"Oh, well," said mother, cheerily, "you can wear the shirt-waist suit with one of your new linen collars and your red tie; that will be very pretty and girlish."

Sue groaned. Her mother had n't seen many evening parties; for that matter, neither had Sue, but she felt sure that girls did n't usually wear linen collars and red ties. And there was the pink gown. But no, no! And Sue's head went up in the air. It was quite bad enough to accept benefits from one's relatives, but from one's chum—never!

Yet, later that afternoon, when Davie went flying up to the wigwam to beg for a rubber band for his new sling-shot, he found Sue lying on her divan, and there was grief and despair in every line of the slender figure that lay among the gay pillows.

"Why-e-e! What 's the matter, Sue?" faltered Davie, in his astonishment. Sue to cry—Sue! Betty and Peggy had their weeping-times, to be sure, and nobody thought anything of it, but not Sue. "Are you sick? Shall I call mother?"

"No-o-o! Not on your life!" sobbed Sue. "Go away, Davie, and shut the door. I 'm—I 'm—crying like sixty, and I don't want anybody to see me! Go away!"

"Is it your tooth or your stomach?" anxiously inquired Davie, closing the door softly and going nearer to her.

"It is neither one," sniffled Sue from the depths of her pillow. "I want you to go away, for I am a mean, hateful thing, that 's what I am!"

"Who said so?" demanded Davie, doubling his small fist. "If it was Phil or Benny, I 'll show 'em!"

Sue lifted her head to look at her small champion, and a half-smile crept over her tear-drenched face.

"Did n't anybody say so, Davie; I think it myself. You see, here I 'm getting ready to go away to school with a whole trunkful of new clothes; and now I 'm crying like a baby because a girl I don't like is going too, and because I have nothing to wear—to wear—to Virginia's—party," and Sue's head went down again.

Davie could understand that going away to school with a person one did not like might not be pleasant, but a trunkful of clothes and nothing to wear struck him as very remarkable; yet, having been the brother of three girls since his birth, he knew that remarkable statements were to be expected. Still, it did n't seem like Sue to cry over a little thing like a dress.

"What kind of a dress do you want?" inquired Davie, for need of something to say.

"A—a party dress, of course, goosey; but there is no use talking: I can't have it. I would n't mind so much if it was n't for Martha Cutting; and besides, all the girls will know I have n't an evening gown for school. I wish I had been born a Hottentot!"

"Why don't you wear your Indian dress? That 'd look gorgeous, and I bet none of the other girls have one with elks' teeth sewed on it!"

"Go away, Davie Roberts!" cried Sue, sharply. "What do boys know? Of course no other girl has elks' teeth; no girl would want them for Virginia's party! Oh, Davie, forgive me!" For Davie's lip quivered, he having been so much affected by her tears that his heart had welled with sympathy and he was greatly hurt at this summary dismissal. "I 'll be all right in a little bit. I would n't have father or mother know for the world, when they have been so good to me. Promise me you won't tell. Now, run away. I 'm almost cried out now."

"Why don't you write to Aunt Serena?" asked Davie, he never having been known to give up a subject when he was once started on it.

"Because she has been giving to me ever since I can remember, and because I never asked anybody for anything in my life except Uncle David."

"Then why don't you ask Uncle David?" persisted Davie.

"Go along with you, Davie Roberts!" and Sue sprang from the divan and seized him by the shoulder. "Did n't I ask him to lend me his tepee, and did n't he send me the darlinest ever! Am I a beggar? There, take that kiss and trot along. Forget all about it, there 's a good boy. I 'm all right."

Davie, put out bodily, heard the key turn in the lock, and after a resentful kick at the door, to show he understood her ingratitude, he went slowly down-stairs and out to the barn-yard.

Mandy Dobbins had gone home for the afternoon and taken the twins with her, Ben was off with Phil on an errand, and father and mother were not to be told. There was not a creature with whom to talk of Sue's woes except the puppy and the pig. For a long time Davie stood with his hands in his pockets, watching the pig, his one possession,—for Farmer Brown had given Davie the pig,—jolly and fat as old King Cole, nosing the apples that had been given him for his dinner. If only, Davie thought, he had n't emptied his bank for that jointed fishing-rod, then he could buy a dress for Sue himself. It was dreadful to think of merry old Sue crying. He 'd buy a spangled dress like the one the lady wore who

rode the horse in the circus when Uncle David took him last summer. Uncle David! If only Uncle David knew, there would be no further trouble. Jolly Uncle David, who always slapped a boy on the back and asked him if he did n't want to borrow a quarter. If Uncle David were here to ask—

But at this point in his thoughts an idea struck Davie with great force, and dragging his hat a little farther over his ears with both hands, he started helter-skelter for the house.

"Mandy! Mandy Dobbins!" he called, as he burst breathlessly into the kitchen; "Mandy Dobbins!" but there was no response.

But, remembering that his friend Mandy had gone out for the afternoon, without waiting to consider whether he had a right to use Mandy's property without her permission, he ran into her little bedroom off the kitchen. Yes, there was her ink and pen on the window, and in a box on the table was her stationery; for Mandy's lover was a soldier in the Philippines, and much of her spare time was spent in letter-writing.

Then Davie with his treasures scurried away to the barn. In the harness-room he found a tobacco-pail which, turned upside down, would serve very well for a table; there was light from the high window, and he felt that here he would be safe from interruption. Davie had not written many letters, but Miss Banks, during the last week, had given her pupils some business forms that had made a great impression on Davie. It seemed so grown up and manly to write, "Dear Sir," and "your esteemed favor." He was quite sure he knew how to do it. Then Miss Banks always said he wrote very well for a small boy; there would be no trouble except the spelling,—the sight of a spelling-book always turned Davie sick at the stomach,—but then he remembered that Uncle David said he hated spelling too, so likely he would never know if the words were correctly spelled or not. So, comforting himself with this thought, down went Davie on his knees by the pail, and dipping his pen deep in the ink, thrusting his tongue in his cheek, and squinting his eye, he sent his pen sputtering across the paper.

(To be continued.)

MONROE, OHIO, August 23, 19—.

MY DEER SIR: Thats what teecher said men said to each other if you wuz riten a bizness letter and this is strictly bizness. Teecher she said put esteemed favor but you aint don it yit so i leave that out. You see our Sue she aint got no party dress for virginias party an i caught her cryin up in her wiggwam thats what she calls her room where she keeps her injun things. She got a lot ant sereniy sent but they is day dresses cause our Sue said i wuz a goose you cant wear injun dresses to partys tall an marthy cutting she will laf if our Sue wears it. you said did i want to borro a quarter an i said what do men do an you said they give a note but our teecher she said also you can give morgage on house or farm or lif stock or anything you owned your own self and i asked her did lif stock meen a pig an she said yes. So i want to borro a dress for our Sue as i aint got no money but 7 sents my rod it folds and cost 2\$ i wist i had the money back for it aint no good an i am now a savin for a gun. i send morgage on my pig it is a nice clean pig an father he said we mite as well eat one of the fambly so mr. Read he will buy him of me this fall he is my own pig an this is a rite morgage for our teecher she showed us.

i David F. Roberts of monroe Ohio in consideration of one dress lended me by my unkle David for our Sue I convey to wit one said pig set my hand an seal
DAVID F. ROBERTS.

p s our Sue she does not no nor nobody dont an dont you tell an cross your heart an hope to dye i will take good care of the pig. i aint had no red lemenade since you took me an benny to the carcus i wist i had some in me now dont you your lovin neffu.

DAVID F. ROBERTS.

2 p s i cant spell but nether can you.

p s s dont take no time or our Sue will have to wear her saler sute an marthy will laf i will do somethin for you some day and dont tell ant sereniy
D. F. R.

It took Davie a long time to write his letter, for in spite of squinting eye and wagging tongue, the pen refused to go as it should. The teetering pail did not make the best of writing-tables, and for some reason Mandy's pen seemed to leak ink at both ends. Still he was more than satisfied, in spite of blots, as he surveyed his finished letter, and it took all his self-control to keep from rushing off to show it to his admiring family. At last it was folded and directed, the "Judge David Fulton" staggering from corner to corner across the envelop, seemingly held on only by an extra curlicue at the lower corner.

Once more Davie slipped into the house,—this time for two of the precious seven pennies,—and then away he sped to mail his letter.

THE TWO TRAVELERS.

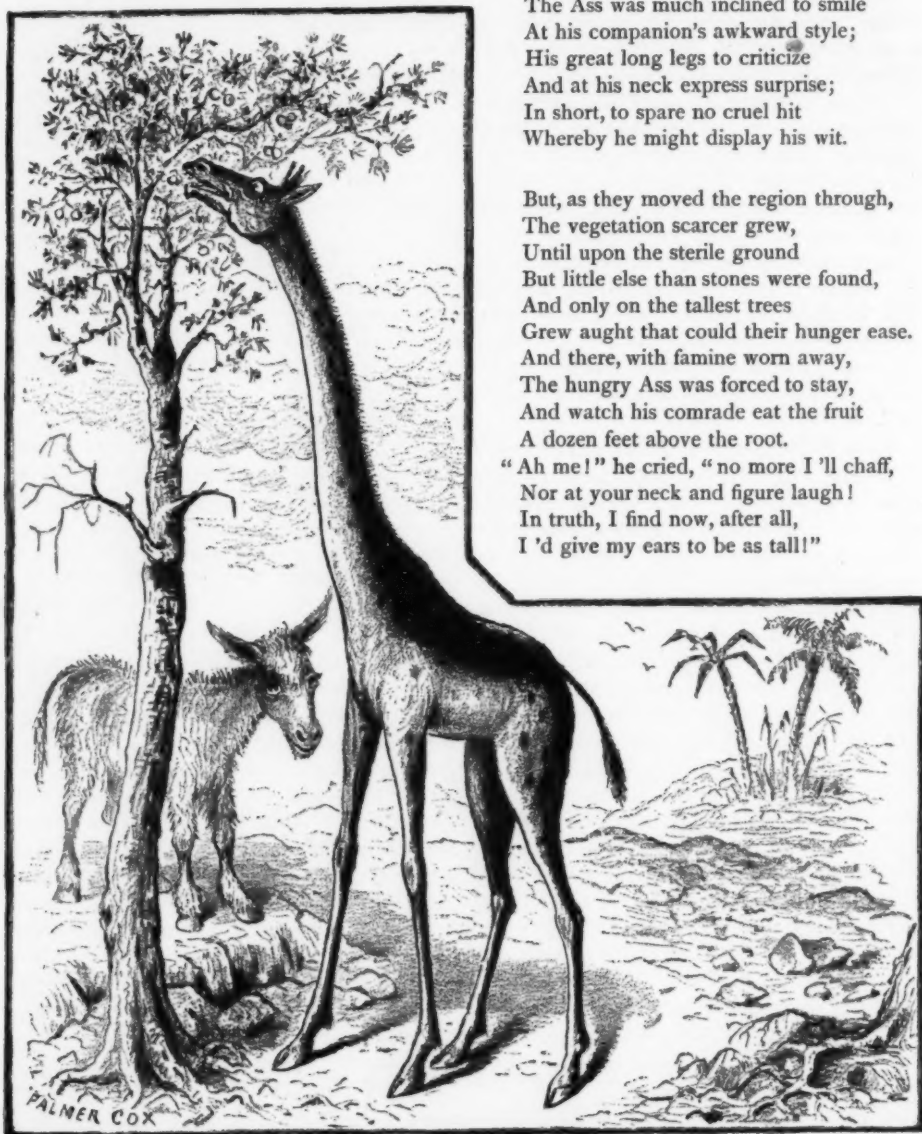
(A Fable.)

BY PALMER COX.

IN bygone times it came to pass,
A tall Giraffe and a dwarfish Ass,

As fellow-travelers, side and side,
Were jogging through a country wide.
The Ass was much inclined to smile
At his companion's awkward style;
His great long legs to criticize
And at his neck express surprise;
In short, to spare no cruel hit
Whereby he might display his wit.

But, as they moved the region through,
The vegetation scarcer grew,
Until upon the sterile ground
But little else than stones were found,
And only on the tallest trees
Grew aught that could their hunger ease.
And there, with famine worn away,
The hungry Ass was forced to stay,
And watch his comrade eat the fruit
A dozen feet above the root.
"Ah me!" he cried, "no more I'll chaff,
Nor at your neck and figure laugh!
In truth, I find now, after all,
I'd give my ears to be as tall!"



PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

HOW PINKEY WENT SNIPE-HUNTING.

WHEN the good fishing days began to entice the sport lovers of Enterprise out into the open the fever seized young and old alike, and almost daily two or three loads of enthusiastic fishermen could be seen driving from town, bound for the fishing-grounds in the river-bottom, eight miles away.

It was the custom, among those fortunate enough to have the opportunity, to spend two or three days and nights on these fishing trips, carrying with them the necessary camping outfit to make themselves measurably comfortable during their stay.

It was on one of these expeditions that Pinkey Perkins and several of his companions were to camp out overnight.

There were seven boys in the party, most of them older than Pinkey; and those who had been on camping parties before were not backward in telling those who had not what a lot of fun was in store for them. For Pinkey and his chum, Bunny Morris, the prospects of the trip were especially delightful, for neither of them had ever been out on an all-night camping expedition before. Mr. Snyder, the father of one of the boys, had consented to accompany the party, with the double object of enjoying the outing himself and of acting as a sort of general manager of the trip and guardian for the boys.

Arrived at their destination, Mr. Snyder took charge of the tent-pitching and the camp arrangements in general, and insisted on there being no fishing until they were comfortably settled for the night.

Different boys were assigned to different tasks, and to Pinkey and Bunny fell that of procuring a supply of fire-wood, with which to cook supper and also to keep up the camp-fire that night. While there was plenty of wood about, good fire-wood was scarce, and in their search Pinkey and Bunny wandered quite a

distance from the site of their camp. Soon they came upon another camping party, just in the act of leaving for home; and in answer to their inquiries Pinkey explained that they were searching for fire-wood. One of the men in the party was a relative of Pinkey's, and he not only offered them what wood was left at their camp, but also loaned to them the large flat-bottomed rowboat they had been using during their stay, that the boys might load their wood in it, float it back to camp, and use it while they were there.

This was a great stroke of good luck for the boys, for with what was given them and what they were able to pick up in the vicinity, they had quite a respectable amount of wood to show for their efforts. They loaded it all into the boat and proudly started on their return trip. Pinkey soon learned how to manage the oars, roughly made and heavy as they were, and before long they were delighted to see their own camp looming up as they floated around a bend in the river, the large white tent and the busy figures around it, getting things in shape, being a sight to gladden their hearts and quicken their pulses.

While the other boys had been fixing up the camp, the driver had taken his fishing-pole and visited a deep hole some distance away, by the roots of an old fallen tree, and had returned in a short time with three good-sized fish—enough for supper.

Needless to say, supper that night was a gay meal. Everybody was in the best of spirits, and the feeling of good-natured freedom at being out in the open pervaded the camp.

After fishing a while without much success, the boys all set their poles at intervals along the bank, in order that they might feel that they were still pursuing the object for which they had come, and then, with the leather-covered seats from the hack arranged in a semi-

circle around the fire, on which they piled large pieces of wood, they began to plan for the morrow. Mr. Snyder, feeling that his presence was not at all necessary just then for the safety or pleasure of the boys, had gone with the driver to visit the cabin owned by several of the business men of Enterprise, situated about a half-mile farther up the river, where some of his friends were spending a week, hunting and fishing.

Every once in a while some of the boys would leave the circle seated in the glow of the fire to inspect their poles, in hopes that they might have caught something, or to rebait their hooks in case some daring fish had made a new supply necessary.

"Let's go and see if we've caught anything, Bunny," said Pinkey at last, when he feared it might be noticed that he had not left the fire since supper; "there might be a fish on one of our hooks."

After rebaiting their hooks and setting their poles in forked props with the ends stuck well into the bank, Pinkey and Bunny returned to their comrades.

As the two chums approached the fire, Pinkey noticed that a sudden silence fell upon the group seated about it, and he imagined that "Putty" Black and one or two others looked a little bit guilty as he and Bunny resumed their places in the circle.

No one spoke for a few moments, and the silence was beginning to get uncomfortable when "Shiner" Brayley, one of the older boys of the party, and more or less of a leader among boys of his age, broke the silence by saying: "Say, fellers, who wants to go snipe-huntin' over to the island? This ought to be a great night for snipe—just about dark enough. We can take the boat Pinkey borrowed and get enough for breakfast in no time at all."

"That's what!" chimed in Putty; "and they make awful good eatin', too; don't they, Joe?" turning to another of the party, who seemed to be favorably impressed with the idea.

The island referred to was a small uninhabited bit of land, covered with trees and underbrush, lying about midway from either bank of the river, and about which still clung certain unsavory tales of the early days in that

part of the country, when a band of highway-men made it their abode and preyed upon small boats passing up and down the river.

The suggestion of Shiner's seemed to strike almost everybody as the proper thing to do, and as though it was queer no one had thought of it before, and all except Pinkey and Bunny rose to their feet, eager to start.

"I've never been snipe-huntin'," acknowledged Bunny, rather apologetically; "but if you're all goin', why, we'll go too, won't we, Pinkey?"

"'Course we'll go," said Pinkey, exhibiting a bravado he did not feel; "I believe it'll be lots o' fun. I've never been, either; but I'd like to go. It's a good thing I got the boat so we can go,—eh, Bunny?" Going with the crowd would be better than staying in camp alone, anyway.

"Yes," encouraged Shiner, who seemed to be managing the hunt; "if you and Bunny had n't brought the boat, we could n't have gone—'cause the snipe you catch around here are n't fit to eat." Just what the difference would be in those caught on the island, he did not explain.

"How do you catch 'em?" inquired Bunny, rather dubiously, not desiring to encounter any new kind of game without being aware of its peculiarities.

"Why, one person just holds a sack," explained Shiner, as the crowd, one by one, stepped into the boat; "and another 'n' holds a lantern just above it, and when the others stir up the snipe and they see a light, they just walk right straight for it, and first thing they know they're inside the sack. When it's full, you just close the end, and there you are."

While the details of catching snipe were being explained, Pinkey suddenly remembered hearing his father tell of being in a party that went on a similar expedition once when he was a boy, and Pinkey recalled the details of the joke as his father had related them. He maintained his air of interest in the hunt, however, and did not pretend that he had ever heard of snipe-hunting before. He even carried his show of ignorance still further by asking questions such as only one without any knowledge of the sport whatever could think of asking.

Pinkey now believed that he saw pretty clearly through the whole scheme, and he resolved then and there that snipe-hunting was a game that more than one could play at, and that he would have his share of the sport this night, or know the reason why. He knew as well now what the conversation had been during his and Bunny's absence as if he had been present and had heard it all. Bunny, on the other hand, had grown quite enthusiastic over the prospects, and remarked what a fine thing it would be to catch several nice snipe for breakfast.

On the way over to the island, Putty spoke up and in a careless sort of way asked who had better hold the sack and lantern. Shiner at once decided that these honors should by rights fall to Pinkey and Bunny, since they had brought the boat which made the trip possible; and besides, it being their first time, they were not familiar with the most successful method of driving snipe. This exceptional privilege struck Bunny as being about the greatest honor that had been his for a long time.

When they reached the island, they landed the boat in a small cove, and after disembarking drew it up on the edge of the sloping bank, just far enough to prevent its floating away. As they were preparing to start, Pinkey kept his eyes open and took especial note of his bearings, and the lay of the land in general, as well as he could in the darkness; so that when they set off through the underbrush and grass, in search of a good spot in which to set the trap, he was more on the alert as to where they were going than were those leading the party.

Single file they went for several minutes, turning first this way and then that, until Pinkey became convinced that Shiner, who was acting as guide, must have lost his bearings himself. At last they reached a small open space on a piece of ground slightly higher than that all about it.

"This 'll be a dandy place," said Shiner, as the little band emerged from the thicket through which they had been slowly making their way, and stood around in the little circle of light shed by the lantern.

"Where 's the best place to stand?" in-

quired Pinkey, reaching for the grain-sack which one of the other boys had been carrying.

Shiner took the sack, kneeling down as he did so, saying, "Now, Pinkey, you take the sack and hold it so," at the same time making the opening as large and round as possible. "Keep it still, and don't talk or make a noise of any kind."

When Pinkey had dutifully knelt down and taken hold of the sack, Shiner turned to Bunny,



"DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT 'S UP? WE 'RE THE SNIFE."

who was already holding the lantern, to give him his instructions. "Come here, Bunny," said he, "and hold the lantern right over the mouth of the sack, so that the snipe, when we drive them in this direction, will see it and walk right square into the sack."

"But s'pose they fly at me," said Bunny, uneasily. He was rapidly losing courage, and even with Pinkey and the lantern, he hated to be left there in the dark.

"Shucks! Bunny," spoke up Putty Black; "snipe never fly at night; they can't." Bunny felt properly humiliated at this example of his

ignorance concerning the habits of snipe, and said no more.

"How long 'll you be drivin' 'em in?" inquired Pinkey, desiring to learn the plans of the others as nearly as he could.

"Oh, it ought n't to take over five minutes," answered Shiner, as the crowd moved off; "you ought to catch enough in that time."

"Yes," thought Pinkey to himself; "in about five minutes I think we 'll have five of the biggest snipe that ever were caught."

Up to the present time Pinkey had had no opportunity to say anything to Bunny, except in the hearing of the others, so he had not given him any idea of what his plans were. Now, he did not have time to explain. He could only act, and explain afterward. His foresight in keeping accurate track of the points of the compass enabled him to know in just what direction Shiner and Putty and the others must go in order that his scheme might work most successfully; and to his delight, he noted that this was the direction they took on leaving him and Bunny. He did not know whether they had gone in the direction they did because they were not certain of their bearings, or because they did not wish to arouse his and Bunny's suspicions as to their real intentions, but it was enough to know they had unwittingly aided him in accomplishing the defeat of their plans, and also in making his a success.

Pinkey retained his kneeling position until the voices had died out in the darkness. Then he arose, leaving the sack in a heap on the ground, and said to Bunny in a decisive undertone: "Set 'er down, Bunny, and come on."

"I don't like it here, either, Pinkey," acknowledged Bunny, his voice betraying a little quiver in it; "but won't the others be mad if we go 'way and don't catch the snipe?"

"Snipe! What's the matter with you, anyway, Bunny?" said Pinkey, savagely. "Don't you know what 's up? We 're the snipe. They just want to leave us here like a couple o' gumps, while they take the boat and go back to camp. You can't catch snipe that way. Set your lantern down on that stump and follow me."

Pinkey had noticed that a small break in the

thicket surrounding the open space where he and Bunny were, led in the direction of the water, and into this he plunged, closely followed by Bunny. As Pinkey had surmised, the opening led to the water's edge; and in a few minutes they found themselves in the cove where the boat had been left, alone in the stillness and darkness that were all around and about them. Bunny started to say something, but the words stuck in his throat; and before he had a chance to try it again, Pinkey stopped him short.

"Sh!" said he; "don't speak above a whisper till we get in the boat."

"I could n't talk above a whisper if I tried," said Bunny, mournfully. "Ain't you scared, Pinkey?" And his voice showed that being alone on an island on a dark night was not the most desirable experience he could wish for.

"We have n't time to be scared now," whispered Pinkey. "Get a hold of the boat and help shove her off. They 'll be here any minute now."

Together the pair succeeded in pushing the heavy boat into the water; and when they had done this, both climbed in and shoved the boat from shore, using the oars against the bottom until they got out where it was deep.

"There!" said Pinkey, triumphantly, when they had floated safely away from the bank; "we 'll show 'em how to take us snipe-hunting. I guess the laugh 'll be on somebody, but not on us."

"My! Pinkey," said Bunny, with an expressive shudder, "s'pos'n' they had left us there all night! I 'd ha' died, sure. I was gettin' scared stiffer every minute, anyhow, and a few more 'd ha' fixed me."

"I did n't like it, either," admitted Pinkey; "and I 'm mighty glad we 're in this boat, instead o' the other fellers. Sh! There they are now. Lie down." And he and Bunny sprawled themselves flat on the bottom of the boat, keeping their heads up to hear what was going on. There being scarcely any current in the cove, the boat had remained almost stationary since they had stopped using the oars. It was too dark for them to see or be seen by those on the island, but they were close enough to hear all that was said.

"Goin' to leave 'em there all night, ain't we?" they heard Putty say. Putty had been one of the main agitators of the trick, but had not said much while Pinkey was around. He was talking bravely now, however, since he thought he was out of hearing.

"Well," said Shiner, "we'll leave them there

heard Joe Cooper say, with a shade of uneasiness in his voice. Joe was no larger than Pinkey and Bunny, and did not relish the situation any more than they did.

"You three fellers look that way, and we'll look this," said Shiner, evidently growing a bit excited over the absence of the boat.



"THE LANTERN LIGHT DISCLOSED FOOTPRINTS IN THE MUD."

long enough, so they won't forget their first snipe-hunt for a while, anyway."

By this time the crowd had reached the bank and had begun to look for the boat. Pinkey and Bunny nudged each other and gave low chuckles of delight as they heard the search proceeding.

"Where 'd we leave it, anyway?" they

"Could n't ha' got away, could it?" suggested Putty, who, so far, had used all his energy in telling the others where to look.

"Stop your talkin' and look a little, and maybe we'll find it sooner," growled Shiner. "Pinkey won't hold that sack very much longer, if I know anything about it, and he and Bunny'll be down here in a minute and catch us."

Pinkey and Bunny were delighted to hear the search proceeding, the tone of the voices momentarily growing louder and more excited as different ones went crashing frantically through the undergrowth along the bank, now stumbling, now almost slipping into the shallow, muddy water.

"Here's where it was!" shouted Shiner, no longer trying to speak in subdued tones; "and 't ain't here. It's gone! Somebody run 'n'



"THEY 'VE GOT A FIRE OVER ON THE ISLAND," SAID BUNNY."

get the lantern quick." All thought of following Pinkey and Bunny now disappeared as the realization of their own predicament confronted him.

Putty and Joe went floundering off through the thicket, shouting for Pinkey and Bunny to come on and bring the lantern, while the others stood on the bank and discussed the disappearance of the boat.

"Could n't ha' got away all alone," declared one, "'cause we left it high and dry on the bank and there is n't any tide in the river."

"I wish 't we had n't come here," acknowledged another; "that's what I wish." It was plain that the stories of robbers having once lived on the island were having a very telling effect on the courage of some.

In a few minutes Putty and his companions came dashing back, bearing the lantern, their faces showing evidence of unconcealed fear.

"Where's Pinkey and Bunny?" demanded Shiner.

"We found the lantern settin' on a stump," faltered Putty, "and the sack right there by it, but Pinkey and Bunny were both gone," and he looked very solemn. He could only think that disaster had befallen them, and that he would be held partially to blame.

But his fears were short-lived, as far as Pinkey and Bunny were concerned. The lantern light disclosed footprints in the mud which were much too small to have been made by robbers of a dangerous age.

The whole story was as plain as day now, and as the truth finally dawned upon the outwitted crowd they fell to blaming one another for their predicament.

"We're a lot o' snipe ourselves, that's all," admitted Shiner; "and we might as well make the best of it. Anybody who thinks that Pinkey Perkins was born around April Fools' Day is goin' to get left. There's no need o' hopin' he 'll ever bring that boat back this night; and I don't know as I would, either, if I was in his place."

And he was right. Pinkey and Bunny had by this time drifted out of hearing of the island, and with the aid of the oars they soon made a landing at their own camp, arriving in high spirits at having so cleverly turned the tables on the others.

Mr. Snyder and the driver arrived about half an hour after Pinkey and Bunny, and found them comfortably stretched on the ground before the fire, on which they had piled some big sticks of wood. The boys were discussing their evening's experience, and seemed to be highly pleased over something.

"Where are the rest of the boys?" inquired Mr. Snyder, looking about him.

"Snipe-huntin'," replied Pinkey, as soberly as he knew how.

"What! Snipe-hunting? Why, what do you mean?" Mr. Snyder could not just grasp Pinkey's meaning.

"They're over on the island yet," explained Pinkey. "They took Bunny and me over to show us how; but I knew already, so we took the boat and came back. They can't 'April fool' me so easily as all that."

Pinkey then told the whole story to Mr. Snyder, who seemed to enjoy it immensely; he said that he and Bunny had served the others exactly right.

"But how soon are you going over after them, Pinkey?" inquired Mr. Snyder.

"Well," said Pinkey, thoughtfully, "if it would n't have hurt us to stay over there all night, I guess it won't hurt them; and, besides, I'm gettin' sleepy."

Mr. Snyder thought it best not to question the boys further, and remarked, as he walked

away, that he guessed he'd go out and see how the horses were getting along.

"Look, Pinkey! they've got a fire over on the island," said Bunny, as he and Pinkey rolled themselves in their blankets and prepared to enjoy a night such as they had so often read of in books.

"Well, they're probably tryin' to catch some snipe for breakfast," said Pinkey, sleepily. "I hope they get as many as we did. Good night!"

Mr. Snyder and the driver went quietly to the boat as soon as they left camp, and in a short time they had reached the island and had relieved the minds of five of the most repentant boys it would have been possible to find anywhere. When they reached camp, they all went quietly to bed, thankful that the kindness of Mr. Snyder had made their experience less unpleasant than it might have been.



A RASHFUL CALLER.

THE WEST WIND AND THE BEAR.

Plantation Stories.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.



"DE WEST WIND'S TUNE MAKE LITTLE MISTER BROWN BEAR MIGHTY SLEEPY."

AUNT JINSEY had been mammy to the Randolph children, on Broadlands plantation, as she was mammy to their mother before them. But with the coming of the new baby, a little colored nurse, twelve-year-old "America," was brought up to the Big House to play with the three elder children, and do what she could, till Aunt Jinsey's time was more her own.

America assisted in getting Pate, Patty, and

Isabel out of bed, and, under Aunt Jinsey's direction, managed their morning toilets.

"You dest like a little bear, Marse Pate," the young girl giggled. "I bound you like to sleep all de winter th'oo."

"Does bears sleep all winter, Aunt Jinsey?" asked Pate, applying to the higher authority, as he grumblingly fastened his shoes.

"Dey does sence de West Wind done piped old Mr. Bear to sleep one time," returned Aunt

Jinsey, good-humoredly. The baby lay across her knees, with his long white skirts trailing down to her foot, and she trotted him gently as she spoke. "Black gal," she broke out with sudden fierceness, "what you let little Marse put his shoes on widout poligizin' 'em for? You — wid po' talk 'bout bears; an' lettin' dese chillen go same as white trash!"

"Never mind the shoes!" cried Pate. "Let Meriky tell us about the bear."

"Meriky tell you 'bout de bear!" snorted Aunt Jinsey. "Ef she can't tell a tale better dan what she kin dress a child, hit 'll be a mighty raggety tale."

"You tell us, then, Aunt Jinsey," pleaded gentle little Patricia. "It was you that said you knew about the West Wind piping the bear to sleep. Tell us that tale."

Somewhat mollified, the old woman settled herself for the story, keeping a sharp eye on America, who was still busily polishing Pate's shoes. "Long time ago, de fust bear he was young an' foolish. He never slep' all de winter long in a holler log, like bears does dese days; an' he was a mighty bad hand to backbite an' carry tales. He tell everybody dat will listen to him dat de West Wind ain't no singer.

"Now, de West Wind kin make de puttiest music er anybody in de Big Woods. More dan dat, he make up all de songs what he sings, dest as he go 'long.

"When he hear what dat impudous young bear say, he fly right straight to Mr. Bear, he did. 'Oh, I ain't no singer, ain't I?' he ax. 'Well, Mr. Bear, we kin call up all de critters in de Big Woods to jedge, an' I kin sing you so fast asleep dat you won't wake up 'fo' spring.'

"'Try hit,' say Mr. Bear. 'Uh-uh-uh!' he grunt; 'try hit — dest try hit!'

"So den de West Wind call all the critters togedder; an' when dey ranged round to look on, he sing 'bout what bears loves best. He had him a song 'bout ripe huckleberries, an' honey dripping out de comb in de bee-tree. Oh, mind you, his song was sweet!"

"I've heard the wind when it made me think of things like that," said Pate. "But it never made me sleepy."

"De West Wind's tune make little Mr. Brown Bear mighty sleepy," said the old negress. "He

stand hit as long as he kin, an' den he quile down in de holler tree very comfo'able an' commence to snore.

"All de critters laugh, but dat ain't win de day for de West Wind, yit. He got to put Mr. Bear so plum' fast asleep dat he won't wake up tell spring.

"So de West Wind pile leaves all 'bout de bear, an' make him warm, so he snore softer an' softer. De dry leaves done dey part; dey rushle a nice little chune to go wid de West Wind's song; but still Mr. Bear was a-snorin', an' de West Wind know 'at when a bear snore he gwine wake up soon.

"Den de West Wind call 'pon de rain; an' de rain come an' pat for de music. 'Pitter



"'LAST OF ALL COME JACK FROST WID HIS BANJO.'"

—patter — *pit*-pat! Pitter — patter — *pit*-pat! Dat how de rain sound on de leaves. 'Pitter — patter — *pit*-pat! Pitter — patter — *pit*-pat!' But still Mr. Bear snore on.

"Last of all, an' best of all, to make a bear sleep, come Jack Frost wid his banjo. When de West Wind pipe a song, an' de leaves rushle an' play a chune to go wid hit, an' de snow come, an' Jack Frost's banjo begin to snap an'

crackle de strings, dey ain't no bear ever made kin stay awake. Naw, suh — nary bear ever made! Dey dest plumb 'bleege' to go to sleep.

"Mr. West Wind bend down close over Mr. Bear. He sleep like a dead bear. He ain't snore no more. Den de West Wind an' de rain an' de frost take a-holt o' hands an' fly away laughin'. An' de leaves say, 'We 'll stay hyer an' watch him tell spring.'

"So it was wid dat first bear; so it been wid every bear to dis good day. Dey might like to stay awake an' dance in de field, an' play snow-ball wid de critters; but when de West Wind begin to pipe, and de rain begin to pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, an' de snow come,—most of all, when Jack Frost play de banjo,—de bear 'bleege' to go sleep in a holler tree an' sleep tell spring."



HOOPLE TIME HAS COME AGAIN!

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"Ah!" said the farmer's wife. "It takes more than one to make a pancake!"

Nature and Science For Young Folks

Edited By Edward F. Bigelow

EXPLORING A NEST OF "YELLOW-JACKETS."

ONE day, in the last part of summer, some one called up the stairway to tell me that "your boy says he can't mow the front lawn." He is n't my boy, but I borrow him to assist in caring for my pets and to do various odd jobs about the premises.

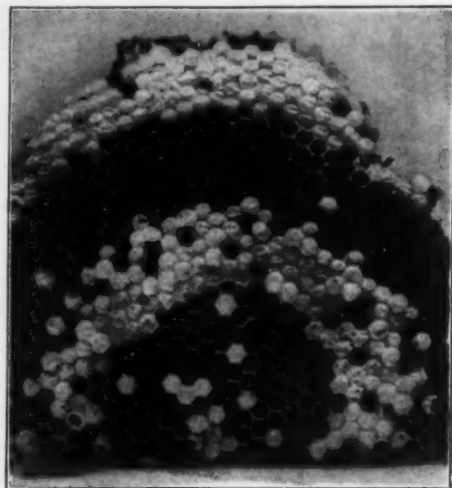
So I went down from my study to see what was the matter with the lawn-mower—as I supposed that to be the cause of the trouble.

"Now, see here," the boy said; "I can't stand this, and I won't. I've been stung twice; I can't run a lawn-mower by that walk where the yellow-jackets are coming out of the ground, and I won't. I want you to understand that. See them there!"

Sure enough, from a small hole in the ground, under a stone, the hornets were going back and forth like honey-bees in and out of a hive. And it occurred to me that such a colony of stingers was not only bad for the boy, but might be so for pedestrians on the sidewalk or for horses on the road near by.

Late that night, after the hornets were all in, I set firmly over the hole the upper wire netting of a fly-trap, and pushed earth closely around the base. All the next day the hornets

were going up through the cone-shaped trap within that part of the contrivance, till the cage was nearly half full.



THE MAIN PART OF A HORNET COMB.



HORNET "APPARATUS."

The next morning I supposed that all the fierce little stingers were within the trap; but fearing that some lazy hornet which had not been out of the burrow that day might be disposed to come out at that time, I put on gloves and the bee-veil which I wear as a protection when I am about to handle honey-bees. I soon found that I certainly needed such protection. It was evident that the same conditions prevailed in the hornets' nest as in a hive of bees, with the exception that only a small percentage of the members of the colony go for work out of doors—that is, out of the nest. Most of the hornets were too young to start in the work of the wide, wide world; many others were occupied in caring for the hatching hornets (like the "nurse" bees of a hive), or in making the papery combs and infolding layers.

All these simultaneously turned their attention to me. Where the veil hung away from my face, I escaped. But through the rest of it, through gloves and clothes, almost anywhere and almost everywhere, I received a liberal amount of attention and stings. But one who has handled bees and other stinging insects for many years soon learns to regard such things as but the "exhilarations of the chase." Yet I would not advise such exhilaration, even with the best of protection, to any one who does n't have a kind of "dreaded joy" in dangerous work.

I found that the nest occupied a cavity about a foot in diameter. The outer layers were very fragile and could not be lifted out, for the entire mass broke apart, while portions of it crumbled to pieces. These underground hornets seem to have learned that it is not necessary to make the walls of their home so firm



THE MAIN PART OF A HORNET'S NEST.

and tough as are those of the white-faced hornets that build the large nests in the branches of trees and of shrubs. The papery material that these yellow-jackets make and use is also beautifully striped and tinted. Our young folks will recall that the nests of the larger open-air hornets are of dull, uniform, weather-beaten appearance.

The comb of the yellow-jackets, like the enveloping layers, is of hornet-paper. The caps are



A FLY-TRAP OVER A HORNETS' NEST.

white and so thin and dainty that the brood-cells have the appearance of being capped with white wax. A bit of this delicate tissue, when viewed by the aid of a compound microscope, is seen to have a beautiful and intricate structure.

It cost a little time and many stings, but to have again peered into one of nature's wonders was well worth the work and the pain.

But the boy who runs the lawn-mower? He was also well pleased, from my own as well as from his particular point of view. He seemed to take an especially fraternal interest in my wounds when he examined and exhibited his; for he had two, and I had—well, I won't say just how many I had received, but I consider my capture amply repaid what it cost me.

The lawn-mower now sings its metallic song, and the citizens go along the street unmolested, for the entire nest and its occupants are safely stored in exhibition boxes for the admiration and the instruction of those young folk who visit my laboratory.

NOVEL "ATTACK" OF PRAIRIE-DOG ON A WOODCHUCK.

WE had once a prairie-dog, whom we named "Napoleon" on account of his extraordinary energy, courage, and acuteness. We had a pair of them, the other being "Josephine," but there was nothing remarkable about her. "Napoleon" was a fat little fellow, but exceedingly strong and brave.

We had caught a young woodchuck. It was

chuck drew himself up and opened his mouth as wide as it would go, while his eyes gleamed with fury; and I held my breath in terror for my pet, who walked up to him, seeming greatly interested. "Napoleon" never paused an instant, but proceeded to examine the woodchuck's wide-open mouth, thrusting his whole muzzle inside it, and then actually putting out his little pink tongue and sampling the roof of the woodchuck's mouth! Every moment I



THE WOODCHUCK AND THE PRAIRIE-DOG.

old enough to have all the undaunted ferocity of its species; and, indeed, it was already nearly three times the size of "Napoleon." The woodchuck had been left out in the sitting-room, where it had retreated into the unused fireplace, and sat, glaring furiously at every one who approached, and keeping its mouth wide open, except when, from time to time, it would close it with a fearful snap, loudly grinding its teeth together in the way peculiar to woodchucks. Some one now brought in "Napoleon," and, to my horror, set him down on the floor. I was for snatching him up, feeling sure that the woodchuck would make an end of him; but my father said, "Let them be. We can interfere in time." "Napoleon," after investigating other parts of the room, trotted toward the fireplace. The wood-

thought, "Now—now it will be all up with 'Napoleon'! Those awful jaws will shut and that will be the end."

But nothing of the kind happened: the woodchuck seemed entirely paralyzed; he did not relax a muscle, but sat immovable, with mouth wide open, as he had done when "Napoleon" first approached. The latter made a long and leisurely inspection, first of the inside and then of the outside of the woodchuck's mouth, and at last trotted calmly away again, leaving the poor nonplussed animal sitting calmly in the fireplace as before.

"Napoleon" lived for several years more, and at last died of old age (so we believe), his mate having previously escaped.

MARY B. THAYER.

MONADNOCK, N. H.

DO BIRDS CARRY EGGS AND YOUNG?

NORTH POMONA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any kinds of birds carry their eggs and young?

Your interested reader,

GERTRUDE PALMER.

Both the European and the American woodcock have been repeatedly seen carrying their young, while on wing, by holding them between their thighs. Of course the chicks can be thus carried only when they are rather small, and only one at a time. It has also been reported on good authority that wood-ducks, whistlers, and a few other ducks which nest in holes in trees convey their young to the nearest water in their bills. I do not think of any other birds which carry their young, but doubtless there are others. Grebes, and I think also loons, carry their young on their backs while swimming, probably at times to considerable distances.

I have heard that whippoorwills will sometimes remove their eggs from one place to another, when disturbed, by flying off with them in their mouths, but I do not think that this is fully established.

I have written the above without attempting to look up this question in the books, for which I have not time at present.

WILLIAM BREWSTER.

Birds probably carry their young much more often than is usually supposed. Among others, the following instances are of especial interest as bearing upon this subject—all observed in the New York Zoölogical Park. For two years (1904-5) the same pair of mallard ducks have nested in a deserted osprey's nest in a cedar-tree about twenty feet above the water. The female carried down the majority of each brood, one by one, in her bill. This year a young white ibis hatched in a nest about twenty feet from the ground, and tumbled out when three days old. One of the parents picked it up by the wing and carried it up to the nest in her bill.

Several years ago a female bald eagle carried a good-sized stone some fifty feet, placed it in her nest, and sat on it for several weeks.

C. WILLIAM BEEBE,

Curator of Ornithology, Zoölogical Society,
New York.

VERY LARGE SUNFLOWERS.

WESTOVER, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We raised a good many sunflowers this summer, and some of them were quite large, we thought. The stalks were twelve feet high and eight inches around down near the ground. The largest sunflowers were sixteen inches across the seeds. One of the stalks bore thirty-seven sunflowers, but the largest one on that stalk was only nine inches across.

Please tell me where the largest sunflowers grow, and how big they get.

Your interested reader,

TWILA A. McDOWELL (age 16).



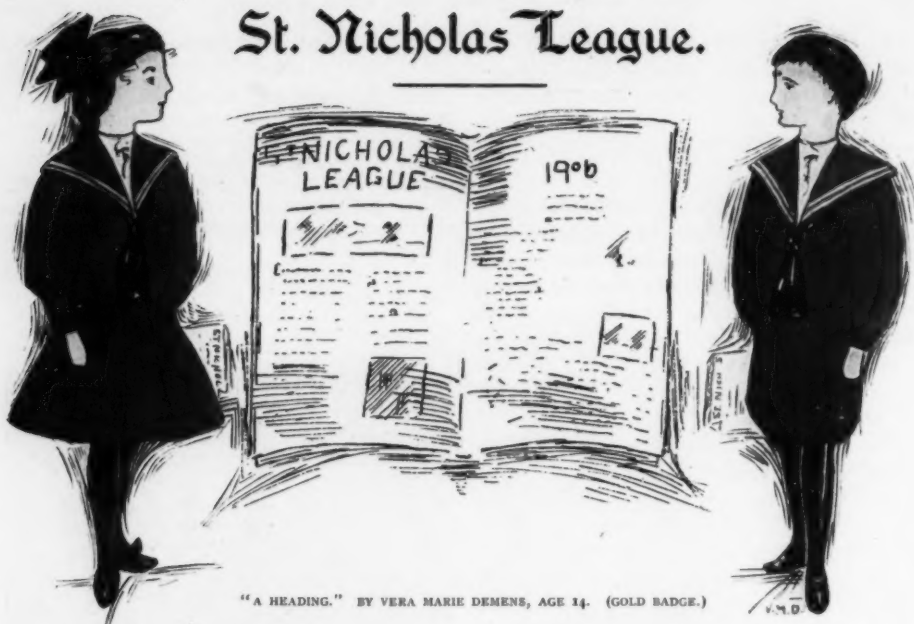
LARGE SUNFLOWERS.

Regarding the "largest sunflower," we have understood that some were exhibited at a fair in one of the Western States. One flower, placed on the top of a barrel, considerably overlapped it all round, being probably two feet in diameter. It was perhaps the variety known as "Giant Russian," the large-seeded kind, the seeds of which are sold on the streets in Russia, and eaten as we do peanuts.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.

Will the young folks who are interested in the subject please "write to St. NICHOLAS" about large sunflowers they have seen? Also, about very tall sunflower stalks?

St. Nicholas League.



"A HEADING." BY VERA MARIE DEMENS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

We fear there will be many disappointments this month. To use the good old phrase, "circumstances over which we have had no control" have made it necessary to reduce the number of League pages, which means a reduction in the number of published contributions and the leaving out altogether of the Roll of Honor, Chapter List, and League Letters. Just as soon as possible we shall be back to our old space and form, and the roll of worthy names shall have the old place of honor, and the list of chapters will be continued where it left off, and the Letter-box will be reopened for distribution and perusal. In the meantime be charitable and wish us well.

THE MOUNTAIN-BARRIER.

BY ELMIRA KEENE (AGE 17).

(Cash Prize.)

At the coming of the twilight
As a child I loved to stand
Looking down the winding roadway
Over field and meadow-land.

And I saw my childhood's mountains
Where they rose sublime and high,
Distant forms of shadowy purple
Fading in the northern sky.

I who only knew the country
Dimly felt the world was wide.
They had told me of a city
Lying on the other side;

Of an ocean deep and boundless
In the mighty land beyond:
I had only seen the brooklet
And the shallow, bounded pond.

And I wished with ceaseless longing
For the city and the sea,
Till, with years that bring fulfilment,
Both of these have come to me.

Come to me, and I who wished them
Live within the place of strife.
Now the mountains, ever barring,
Shut me from my childhood's life.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 75.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Elmira Keene** (age 17), 31 E. Springfield St., Boston, Mass. Gold badge, **Clement R. Wood** (age 17), 1223 S. 20th St., Birmingham, Ala.

Silver badges, **Lucia Warden** (age 11) (please send better address), and **Katharine K. Davis** (age 13), 123 N. 11th St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Prose. Gold badges, **Elsie F. Weil** (age 16), 4634 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and **Sarah McCarthy** (age 13), 1827 Fifth Ave., Troy, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Geneva Anderson** (age 15), 815 N. Montana Ave., Helena, Mont., and **Charlotte Brinsmade** (age 12), "The Gunner," Washington, Conn.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Vera Marie Demens** (age 14), 1149 N. 28th St., Los Angeles, Cal., and **Ella Stein**, 327 W. 57th St., New York City.

Silver badges, **Alice Mentora Tweedy** (age 13), Chateau St. Laurent, Nice, France, and **Sidney Atkinson** (age 9), 10 Euphon Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

Photography. Silver badge, **John Griffen Penny-packer** (age 15), Phoenixville, Pa. Gold badge, **Ernest A. Stifel** (age 15), Boquet St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Wild-animal Photography. First prize, **Edwin M. Einstein** (age 15), 948 K St., Fresno, Cal. (No second and third awards.)

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

On the edge of the world the wind blows chill
 From the heart of the dying sun to me;
 And the twilight, cold, and pure, and still,
 Up the cañon creeps, like a spectral sea.

In the valleys below, the plains are dark
 With the clustering cattle browsing slow.
 Cleaving the sky, the cliffs rise stark
 Where the blasting breaths of the north
 wind blow.

Where the elements strive in giant war,
 Where the peril and pride of life is high,
 Is the joy of sun and snow and star;
 And the plains can see but an empty sky.

I would stand on the uplands of life for aye;
 Though I forfeit the slumb'rous valley's
 peace,
 In the high, keen love of the rocky way
 I would sing my song till the strain shall
 cease.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ELSIE F. WEIL (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

If the eminent scholar and theologian, John Duns Scotus, could rise from his grave and see to what use (or rather misuse) his name has been put, he would be much dismayed.

John Duns Scotus, the most famous of the Schoolmen, lived in England at the beginning of the fourteenth century. The Schoolmen were a learned body that controlled the universities and schools during the Middle Ages. Scotus's wide-spread reputation for learning earned him the name of the "Subtle Doctor."

During the lifetime of Scotus the Renaissance was creeping into every corner of England. The new learning soon enlisted many faithful adherents who had become tired of the antiquated ideas of the Schoolmen.

Scotus stubbornly resisted all the movements of the reformers, and hurled his obtuse philosophical arguments against them.

After his death his followers, called Scotists or Dunsmen, prolonged the controversy with the reforming party. When members of the two opposing factions met each other hot, angry debates ensued; and the reformer would always reply scornfully to every remark of the Scotist, "Oh, you're merely a Dunsman!"

It was not long before the ennobling and wholesome influence of the Renaissance spread over all England and prevailed against the system of the Dunsmen. A Dunsman, or Duns, no longer was an honorable member of a prominent organization, but an obstinate opposer of the true principles of philosophy and learning.

Gradually, as the Dunsmen disappeared, the word "Duns," first used to denote a member of the Scotist party, became a term of contempt, and developed into its general and more modern meaning—any stupid person.

Poor old John Duns Scotus! The fates were certainly unkind to him. Not even the names of his philosophical works and theological treatises are remembered now. The only honor we have accorded him is to use his name to designate a dolt.

THE ORIGIN OF A WORD.

BY SARAH MCCARTHY (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

EVERY ONE doubtless knows the meaning of the common words which they use. But very few know the origin of the simplest ones. Some of these wise, practical people may say, "Why does one need to know the origin of words?" Yet, although it may not increase one's practical knowledge to know some things, yet one would indeed lead a prosy life if one never did anything that did not make one very much the wiser. I thought perhaps the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would like to hear the origin of the word "tip."

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, in the coffee-houses of London there was always a box in the dining-room to receive money for the servants. Over this box were printed in large letters the words "to insure promptness." But these words were rather



"THE HILL IN WINTER." BY JOHN GRIFFIN PENNYPACKER,
 AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

long, and soon, when people began to shorten everything, they dropped these cumbersome words and, using the initial letters, made the word "tip." At one time this word was considered slang, but now one can find it in the dictionary.

THE MOUNTAINS.

BY LUCIA WARDEN (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

THE mountains now have snowy gowns,
 And whistling winds do blow;
 The high peak hath a pure white crown,
 All made of the glistening snow,
 All made of the glistening snow.

When lovely spring will come again,
 And mountains dress in green,
 Then one by one the little buds will come out to
 be seen.
 Then one by one the little buds will come out to
 be seen.

MY MOUNTAIN.

BY KATHERINE K. DAVIS
(AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

FROM out my western window
I glanced at dawn of day,
And saw my rugged mountain
Stand stately, far away.

The morning haze hung softly
About his summit high,
And hid his harsh, cold outline
From its background, the sky.

At noon the blazing sunshine,
Reflected on the snow,
Flamed up in dazzling radiance—
In brilliant, silver glow.

The summit of my mountain
Seemed crowned with jewels gay,
As though to give him honor
In that bright hour of day.

At eventide, in glory
Of rosy sunset light,
The mighty monarch waited
The coming of the night.

The stars, so small and silent,
Peeped out about his crest,
And slowly rose the silver moon,
To guard him in his rest.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY GENEVA ANDERSON (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

ONE of the most interesting words in our language is the word *shibboleth*. It comes from the Hebrew tongue, where it means an ear of corn, or a stream or flood. The story from which it gets its present meaning is found in the twelfth chapter of Judges.

Jephthah was one of the judges of Israel who conquered the Ammonites by the help of his tribesmen, the Gileadites. But instead of being glad over this victory, the Ephraimites blamed Jephthah for not asking their aid, that they also might have had a share in the glory. Although Jephthah told them that when he had asked their help he had been refused it, still the Ephraimites were not pacified. So the two tribes joined battle.

The Gileadites were the stronger, and succeeded in taking the passages of the Jordan. Then the Ephraimites saw they were beaten, and those who escaped the slaughter fled, only to be stopped at the river by the men of Gilead. Each one who came to the river was asked, "Are you an Ephraimite?" and if he said, "No," the command came, "Say shibboleth."

Now, the Ephraimites could not pronounce the "sh," and would say, "Sibboleth." So in this manner the victors determined who were enemies and who were friends. "And there fell at that time of the Ephraimites forty and two thousand."

This word, when it passed into our English language, came to get its meaning from the Bible story rather than from the original meaning of the word itself. It signifies a criterion or a test. For instance, one writer has said the "sh"-sound is the *shibboleth* of foreigners.

In the twentieth century it has come to have a broader meaning—a party cry or watchword, or a pet phrase.

MARCH



"A HEADING." BY ELLA STEIN, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE.)

TO A MOUNTAIN.

BY CLEMENT R. WOOD (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

MOUNTAIN, as a Titan high,
Looming always in the sky
O'er the vale, incessantly,
Oh, may I thy minstrel be!
In the morning tints of rose
Cause thy ever-capping snows
With a pale-pink light to glow
Ere the valley, far below,
Has received the earliest ray
Of the new-awakened day.
Mountain streamlets, murmuring,
O'er thy rocky ledges spring;
Fluted oak and pine trees hale
In long lines rise o'er the vale.
In the afternoon a beam
Of perfect yellow light doth stream
While the vale's in shadowed rest,
All around thy hoary crest
Making golden castles now
Of the rocks upon thy brow.
Mountain, as a Titan high,
Looming always in the sky,
Clothed in nature's majesty,
Oh, may I thy minstrel be!

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY MARGARET DOUGLASS GORDON (AGE 14).

FAR, far away, where the blue waters of the Strait of Gibraltar ripple musically against the base of that mighty rock, there lies a dingy little Spanish town, full of ancient rookeries, tumble-down buildings, and dangerous pitfalls—Tarifa, beloved of the sea-gulls. The great white-winged birds fly above it daily, on various inland errands, and their eyes are very loving to the ruinous little place, for they know the tradition, handed down from sea-gull to sea-gull, of the glory of it in the



"THE HILL IN WINTER." BY ERNEST A. STIFEL, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

days gone by. Tarif ibn Malek, the Arab, landed there in 710, and called it after his name; and his Moors dwelt in it in the days when the Moors ruled half of Spain, and many were the courts they built, and the walls they covered with their wonderful, delicate traceries, almost as fine as a fairy's gossamer wing. And many were the fountains that sparkled in the public squares, and the dark-eyed maidens that came, pitcher on head, to gossip at them, in this, Tarifa's heyday.

Most excellent times were those, and Tarifa prospered greatly. Most stately were the splendid Spanish merchantmen and galleons that passed slowly, with sails set, through the strait. Most exorbitant was the tax which they paid to Tarifa for that privilege, and *this* was the source of Tarifa's wealth. Spanish ships and a Moorish strait! What could be fairer? Yet as Tarifa grew in riches she also grew in ill repute for such extortion, until she became a by-word, all such compulsory duties being called "tarifas," or "tariffs," as foreigners put it, for long after the Moors were driven out of Spain.

And this is what our word "tariff," signifying a tax paid by imports upon entering the United States, is derived from.



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY ALICE MENTORA TWEEDY.
AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY HELEN M. KOUNTZ (AGE 15).

UNTIL ST. NICHOLAS gave out this subject, I had never thought very seriously about words. Of course, it was always necessary to know their meaning, and how to spell them; but, apart from that—why, I never dreamed the study of words could be so interesting.

Some words have their origin in history—"pecuniary" and "Gothic," for example. Mythology has lent a helping hand to others, and many words seem to be poetry in themselves.

The hero (if I may so call it) of this paper is the little word "kind"—little, but full of meaning. Its two most common uses are the adjective meaning "averse to hurting or paining," and the term "man-kind"—the human race.

At the first glance, we see no connecting link between the two words; they seem to be entirely different one from the other. But go back to "kin," which the Anglo-Saxons called "cynn,"—meaning "relatives,"—



"BEAR." BY EDWIN M. EINSTEIN, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

and from that comes "kind," that is, "kinned." A kind person is a "kinned" person, one of kin, one who acknowledges his kinship to others, and the debt of love which, as a kinsman, he owes them. Now, "man-kind" is "man-kinned," that is to say, each time we use the word we declare our faith in the relationship which exists between all mankind.

And now the words "kind" and "kindness," always beautiful, take on an added significance when we understand the root from which they grew, and that out of the sympathy which arises from our all belonging to that great family—the whole human family—come those kind and loving words and deeds which add so much to happiness.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ELLEN LOW MILLS (AGE 11).

THE word "manufacturer" I think, is one of the most interesting words there is.

It was taken from the Latin words *manus* and *facio*. *Manus* means hand and *facio* means to make.



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY ELIZABETH OTIS, AGE 17.

A long time ago, when a person said a thing was manufactured it meant it was made by hand.

They used to make cloth, tools, doors, and all manner of things by hand.

The men cut wool off their sheep's backs to bring to their wives to make woollen clothes for them.

The wives spun the wool into thread on their spinning-wheels and wove it into cloth on their looms.

The clothes that were made for them that way were called homespun clothes.

The tools were made out of any little bit of metal they could find.

But the original word manufacture no longer means hand-made, but machine-made.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY CHARLOTTE BRINSMADE (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

A LONG time ago, when Rome was greater than it is now, the Roman people called a crab *cancer*. Little crabs were called *cancelli*. Then from *cancelli* came *cancellarius*, chancellor, and cancel, to strike out. But chancellor did not, in every sense, mean a person who struck out. For if there was a base-ball match, and a batter struck out, he would not have been called a chancellor. A chancellor was a legal officer who sat behind a screen which was said to look like crabs' claws



"A HEADING." BY BEATRIX BUEL, AGE 16.

crossed. He attended to the people who came, and saw that they had their business done. He also had the business of canceling any laws which were thought to be improper. But chancellor did not come directly from the Latin. The Normans brought it over with William the Conqueror in 1066. Nowadays a chancellor is a sort of adviser who helps his employer, who is usually some important person. At any rate, a chancellor is more important in these days than he was with the old Romans.

THE MOUNTAINS.

BY ISADORE DOUGLAS (AGE 17).

MAN struts beneath us, boasting of his might: Let him but look on us and learn to see How puny is his life, how small his thoughts. We are the mightiest children of the earth; Man's years are but a day beside our life, And when the striding ages crush him out We still shall be—aloof, inscrutable.



"THE HILL IN WINTER." BY HELEN L. K. PORTER, AGE 12.

Our stream-worn sides are old—old as the sky—
Yet young with nature's everlasting youth.
Man's futile mind is powerless to grasp
The eons we have stood since that far day
When through the awful void of sunless space
God spoke, and at the sound our peaks sprang up
To greet the wonder of the new-made light.

THE MOUNTAIN OF HOPE.

BY MARGARET STUART BROWNE (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

RINGED with the stars, eternal such as they,
Is the great mountain of our human hope;
Rocky and rugged is its long, steep slope,
But many a blossom hides beside the way.

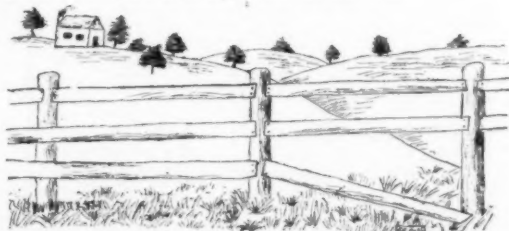
The purple shadows lie about its feet,
Where gorgeous creepers riot, hued like blood;
The pensive lily shakes her heavy bud,
The poppy nods the swaying grass to greet.

And always up the shoulder of the peak,
Stumbling and toiling, weary travelers climb;
They hope the summit to attain in time
And to receive the things which most they seek.

Upward and onward! though the weak ones drop,
The strong press forward ever, for they dream
That where the sunset's golden banners gleam
They see their victory, on the mountain-top.

And then some gain the summit at the last,
But ah! they thought that it was far more fair,
And though Hope has a realm that is not *there*,
This is a colored picture of the past.

But, after all, this worthily was done,
And it is something to have bravely striven;
For, even when no great reward is given,
Whoever nobly tries to win *has* won.



"A HEADING." BY SIDNEY ATKINSON, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE MOUNTAIN OF SUCCESS.

BY FLORENCE KAUFMAN (AGE 14).

A LOFTY mountain we must climb
If we success would reach;
And many struggles must we brave,
And learn what they may teach.

There is no lack of suffering,
Of sharp and bitter pain;
But we must learn to bear it all
If we the prize would gain.

If we slip back a step or so,
Let 's not discouraged feel;
But forward march, to try again
To reach our goal, with zeal.

A long and weary march it is,
We oft fall on the way;
But let us keep on trying still:
We 'll reach the top some day.



"A STUDY OF A CHILD." BY EDITH EMERSON, AGE 17.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY ELIZABETH R. HIRSH (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

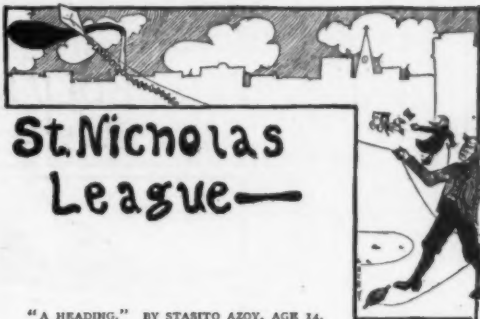
I AM so tired! What care I whether the town system of local government originated among the Saxons or the Romans, or whether the Magna Charta was granted in twelve hundred fifteen or twelve thousand fifteen? The clouds of smoke drifting lazily from a near-by chimney seem to have a curious effect upon me, for suddenly I find myself sitting at the breakfast-table.

A ring of the bell, a cry of "The postman!" from father, and "Oh! I hope it 's ST. NICHOLAS — the twenty-ninth, you know!" from me, and we rush to the door. I return victoriously, waving ST. NICHOLAS above my head.

"Let me see it!" scream the others.

"I got it first, and I 'm going to see if my name is on the Roll of Honor," say I, rapidly turning the pages till I come to the League. After glancing down the list of names — "It is n't on the second roll."

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"A HEADING." BY STASITO AZOV, AGE 14.

"Nor the first, either," after a few moments. "Could it be printed?" I am trembling all over now.

"I guess that was too much to expect," I say, running my eye over the pages. "But wait!" I gasp, look again, and give another gasp: "It can't be true! Oh, father," I ejaculate, "I've won a silver badge!"

"You have not," say the others, incredulously.

"I have! I have!" as, half mad with joy, I jump around, waving the magazine frantically.

"Let me see, dear," says father. I put the magazine before him, and, unable to keep still, dance round the dining-room, first on one foot, then on the other, until from sheer exhaustion I drop panting into my chair. "A silver badge!" I gasp, with what breath I have remaining. "Oh, a silver—"

"Elizabeth!" and I wake to find I have been indulging in one of those disappointing, though delightful, day-dreams.

THE FAIRY MOUNTAINS.

BY ELEANOR R. CHAPIN (AGE 13).

I HAVE a wondrous secret which you must never tell; 'Tis known to not a soul save me, but you shall know as well.

'Tis not of sky nor ocean,—oh, don't you wish you knew?—

But of the distant mountains, the fairy hills of blue.

Nobody ever told me—I simply knew 't was so— That up the distant fairy hills is just the way to go; That some place on the mountain-top a gate will let you through

Into the fairy country beyond the hills of blue.

Sometimes I lie in bed at night and think a long, long time:

I wonder if the hills are steep and difficult to climb. But doubtless there are countless tasks which every one must do

Who seeks to reach the country beyond the hills of blue.

I wonder if the princes there are wondrous fine to see, If they are just as passing fair as princes used to be; If giants roam about the land, and fairy dragons, too, Beyond the distant mountains, the fairy hills of blue.

Do you suppose the princesses who dwell in castles there Have raven locks, or golden rings, or simply common hair;

If kings are many as of old, or if there 's just a few, Beyond the distant mountains, the fairy hills of blue?



"A HEADING." BY HELEN GARDNER WATERMAN, AGE 14.

I told the grown-ups once a bit to see what they would say.

They said there was no fairyland, in such a funny way. But they can talk and talk and talk—we know it is not true:

There's one beyond the mountains, the fairy hills of blue.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY RUTH E. ABEL (AGE 14).

THE dollar was first coined in St. Joachimthal (in Bohemia), by the Merchants' Guild, about the year 1518.

About this time the guilds enjoyed great privileges and their power extended all over Europe; they issued letters of credit and bills of exchange and some of the local guilds coined money.

The money coined by the Merchants' Guild of St. Joachimthal was of superior fineness, and Joachim being in the central part of Europe and on the trade routes, this money became widely distributed and was accepted all over Europe at its current face value. It was made of silver obtained from the Joachim valley (*thal*), and was known as the Joachimthal-er or the Joachimthal-one.

The merchants specified in their contracts that payments should be made in the Joachimthaler.

Joachim being a rather cumbersome word, it was finally dropped and the coin called just "thaler." * After the Joachim coinage ceased the word "thaler" was used to designate any silver coin of about the value of the Joachimthal one.

The word in its wide use gradually became "dollar" as we have it to-day.

The American Congress adopted the Spanish milled dollar as the basis and unit of our money in 1785, and the coinage was begun in 1793.

* Pronounced tähler.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY MARGARET M. LAWRENCE (AGE 13).

THE word "clove" is taken from the Latin word *clavus*, meaning a nail, to which it has a resemblance.

The clove is a native of East India. It is the bud of a kind of myrtle-tree which first grew on the Molucca Islands, in the Indian Archipelago. The tree is an ever-green tree and is beautiful. It has a straight trunk and smooth bark. It grows pointed at the top, and forms a pyramid of green. The flowers are picked before they begin to open and are dried in the shade. The little ball at the end of the clove is the flower folded up. The Dutch call it *kruydnael*, meaning nail-spice.

THE STORY OF A WORD—"EASTER."

BY INEZ OVERELL (AGE 14).

EASTER to-day means the festival of the Resurrection of Christ.

There was an ancient goddess, Ostara, after whom similar heathen festivals were named. Originally Easter, or Eastre, as the Anglo-Saxons called it, was celebrated as the beginning of spring.

Eight days were given up to feasting and joy, games were played, songs were sung, prisoners were released, slaves were given their freedom, and even the churches were open for merrymaking. This did not last, however, for the priests objected to ill-behavior in the churches. Later on, the time of celebration was limited to three days, and was finally cut down to two.

It was about this time of year that the Druids, at one of their festivals, gathered in the woods near their magic castles, bearing their magic wands. Here they sacredly cut the mistletoe boughs with a golden knife.

After the rising of Christ at Easter-time the festival was celebrated by prayers and joyful thanksgiving. People greeted one another with an Easter kiss.

One of the favorite general customs was the staining of eggs with many dye-wood colors for Easter presents. These customs have been handed down from generation to generation, so it seems that the Easter festival has now a double meaning.

THE ORIGIN OF A WORD.

BY ELAINE STERNE (AGE 14).

"OH, DEAR!" and a tear fell on the open Ancient History page before Doris.

"I cannot understand about hieroglyphics, or any of the ancient languages."

The blue eyes filled with tears.

"I wish some one would explain it to me."

Suddenly she heard a deep voice at her side say, "Little girl!"

She turned and for one full minute gazed at the strange figure before her. The flowing robes, the sandaled feet, all reminded her so much of—the picture of an Egyptian on the frontispiece of her history.

"Yes, sir!" she gasped, for lack of words.

"I have been sent from the 'Past' to explain to you about the origin of hieroglyphics. Come, child of the twentieth century, I will lead you back to many years before Christ."

She followed him to the door leading to the nursery. He opened it. No longer was it the toy-strewn room, but—

She seemed to be on a great desert of sand. The



"A HEADING." BY ROGER TWITCHELL, AGE 10.

hot, merciless sun beat down on her bare head. Before her towered a huge pyramid.

"This," said her guide, "is Cheops, greatest of pyramids." In its side was a small door, which he opened. Down a long, dark passage they went. At length they came to a clearing; the great gray walls were covered with strange signs and symbols.

"These," said her guide, "are hieroglyphics. The Egyptians used them as you use your alphabet. The word comes from two Greek ones, the first meaning sacred; the second, carving. In these strange figures, the men of old had their life-history carved."

"The key is the Rosetta Stone, found by a French professor in 1789. On it were written the three languages—Greek, demotic script, and hieroglyphics. The people understood the first, and from that the other two were translated. Up to that time many of the carvings on the obelisks and pyramids were not understood."

"The mysterious symbolic writings were in irregular color-markings."

"Do you understand the origin of the word?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"I wish I might show you the beautiful cities of old; but (close your eyes)—one—two—three!"

A cheery laugh made her open her eyes. Her head was resting on the open history page before her, and her chum Eleanor was leaning over her.

"Come out and play. Do leave those stupid lessons alone!"



"TAILPIECE." BY GEORGE B. YOUNG, AGE 13.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 78.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 78 will close April 20 (for foreign members April 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "The Sunlit Hills."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "A Jolly Fourth of July."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Early Spring."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "My Playmate or Playmates" and a Heading or Tailpiece for July.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"GOOD-BY." BY RICHARD BUEL, AGE 9.

BOOKS AND READING.

FOUR GATES TO THE MIND. In a bright little book we read of what either Ruskin or the writer who quotes from him calls "the limbs of the mind." Of course you see that, as the limbs of a monkey or of a man enable the creature to take hold of things, the word means those faculties by which the brain can take hold of what brings it life and power. If one wishes to be less striking, but more general, one may call these the four "gates" of the mind. The first is Curiosity, or pleasure in knowing; the second is Sympathy, or pleasure in sharing another's feeling; the third is Admiration, which helps one to enjoy beauty and ingenuity; the fourth is Wit, which really is best explained by the old word, "knowingness," and means the power to turn an idea about and view it from various sides. You must see that this last faculty has not necessarily anything to do with fun or humor, dealing rather with fancy. It will reward you to think further on the subject by yourself, and to see how your pleasure in reading comes to you through these four gates to the mind.

AN ERROR CORRECTED. POPULAR ideas are often very mistaken, and, like derelicts, they remain afloat if no one takes the trouble to sink them. One common notion that we meet here and there in reading relates to "The Swiss Family Robinson." There is considerable joking in regard to the big bag from which Mrs. Robinson used to extract whatever articles happened to be needed. Jokers would say that she produced a sewing-machine, a parlor lamp, or a grandfather's clock from this wonderful receptacle at a moment's notice. A young girl who read aloud "The Swiss Family Robinson" to her little sister made this accurate list of all that Mrs. Robinson extracted from her magical sack: 1, handfuls of oats, pease, and other grain; 2, vegetable seeds; 3, needles and thread and a "ball of thread"; 4, a Bible; 5, seeds of Indian corn, melons, pumpkins, and cucumbers. That is positively all that is mentioned in the book. It is true her own family joked her about the mys-

terious contents of the marvelous receptacle, but the above is a complete list of all that is mentioned as taken from it.

CAREFUL READING. FOR older boys and girls who desire general advice about what to read, it will be well to recommend the writings on this subject of John Morley, Frederic Harrison, and Sir John Lubbock. But in the absence of any special guide it will be found helpful to stop every now and then in one's reading and to ask the plain question: "What does this author mean to tell me?" Unless this question can be answered satisfactorily, you are reading inattentively or the author is writing in an affected or obscure style. The most marvelous things that have been put into words have been said in the very simplest fashion. When Joshua stops the sun and moon in their courses, the words he uses are no longer or more unusual than: "Stand thou still!"

A WARRIOR AND HIS BOOK. REAL book-lovers are likely to own a few books that they especially treasure. If these be bound worthily in handsome leather, it is not being too fussy to make a little chamois case or light box for each one to protect it from the chance knocks and scratches that mar the beauty of the leather. It is true that the best binding is one that, like the old white vellum, is durable, cleanable, attractive, and serviceable; but not all bindings can be left unprotected, and if Alexander the Great believed nothing better worthy of a place in the jeweled casket of Darius than his copy of Homer's Iliad, even the most manly boy need not be ashamed to provide a safe-keeping wrapper for his dainty books.

THE BUTTERFLY. THERE used to be an old bit of verse describing how, in the early summer, on a beautiful sunshiny day, a young butterfly came out of its cocoon, and, strange to say, began to find fault with everything. The flower-juices were not at all to its taste, and the sun was a little too hot; the dewdrops dabbled its wings, and altogether it would seem as if something had happened to

the day itself. But toward the end of the little poem some very wise creature fortunately explained the whole matter by asking a question that ended with:

Could it have been the reason why,
That something ailed the butterfly?

The application of this little fable should be made very carefully by girls and boys who are unable to find anything good in books that all the world has long ago decided to be among the very best of their kind. To put it very plainly, there are two elements that go to good reading: a good book and a good reader; and reading, like a quarrel, requires both factors.

"CHEERERS." SOMETIME ago our friends were kind enough to send us lists of books good to read through the getting-well days of little invalids. From these lists were excluded whatever had a tendency to over-interest or excite. We should be glad of a few suggestions of books that tend to give brightness to April rainy days or to relieve a fit of depression such as no young person is supposed to have, but such as, nevertheless, does now and then come. A friend suggests to us James Barrie's "Auld Licht Idyls" and "A Window in Thrums," Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," and Anstey's humorous books as being types of the sort required.

THE TIME OF DAY. WE heard not long ago a few words of wisdom from the lips of a young friend. In talking about the books which she kept before her, she remarked that she tried always to give the earlier hours of the day to the more solid reading, since she found that the untired mind found no great difficulty in following the deeper reading. Toward the afternoon books of a lighter character were chosen; and if any reading was done in the evening, she took care that it should be of the lightest sort—amusing fiction or brief and bright bits of information.

This young girl is unusually systematic, trying to keep on hand one book of the sort she calls "solid," and one work of a lighter nature. She compelled herself to finish the more serious books, and was therefore careful never to begin

one of which she was not sure. As to the others, she allowed herself more liberty.

PUTTING AWAY CHILDISH THINGS. It is not often that we venture to say a word in this department to parents or

elders. We would not dare assume that many of them read the department, though we know by some very kind letters that some do. But so that a few of our boy and girl readers may show this item in the proper cases, we wish to suggest that there is a time when what one may call the "infant foods" of literature cease to nourish the growing mind. Older people are very likely to forget how soon their juniors begin to take interest in the affairs of the grown-up world, and a boy or girl is not long in the teens before the mind demands something that will give youth power to grow into manhood.

Fortunately, great poetry has in it all the requisites for this age. If a boy or girl believes that juvenile literature has been outgrown, it would be a good plan to go to some older person of sound judgment and ask for bits of reading that would test pleasantly this question of maturity. We are inclined to think that some of Macaulay's essays would be the right sort of reading to try; others might prefer some of Lamb's essays.

But let it be remembered that the greatest minds are best able to find good in all sorts of reading. Stanley, for example, found invaluable hints in an anonymous little volume called "How to Observe." Who knows of it?

WHILE THE IRON IS HOT. A MAN who has done a great deal of literary work has found it a most excellent rule to turn aside, if possible, even in the midst of an absorbing task, for the purpose of looking up at the moment any reference that touches his curiosity. At times the curiosity can be satisfied by a moment's reading; if more is required, it is easy to make a note and return to the matter at leisure; but often it will be found a fatal error to put aside a question without jotting down some memorandum. The time to fix a fact in memory is when that fact is first introduced to the mind and the interest in it is keenest.

THE LETTER-BOX.

TRIER, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My mother, three younger sisters, and my brother and I have come to Germany to study. Our home is in New York. I am writing to tell you about our trip to Marburg in the Hessian land. Marburg is a university town on a hill by the Lahn, one of the tributaries of the Rhine.

As we left the Rhine we passed by fields upon fields of golden wheat, ready stacked for the thrashers. As we stepped off the train we saw four or five of the students with their brightly colored caps and colored bands across their breasts and scars on their faces. The latter they were more proud of than any of their bright ribbons, for had they not been won in a duel! We were very much surprised at this, for we had been led to believe that the Germans would not allow such things, and we asked a student about it. He said that it was perfectly safe to duel as they do it, and that it was very seldom that any serious injury was done, because they were so well protected and the doctors were always at hand, who between each bout examined the duelers. He said it developed courage and fortitude. Then he mentioned foot-ball, which in his mind was far worse than dueling.

We left the station on a horse-car which took us part way up the hill on which Marburg is situated. One of the first things we saw was the beautiful castle on top of the hill, but we were soon attracted from this to the quaint peasant costume which all the peasants wore. The brightly colored skirts and black velvet jackets, the white scarfs and bright caps, were extremely picturesque and would make an artist wish for his brush.

Altogether the commanding situation of the town, the university life, the peasant costume, and the beautiful St. Elizabeth Church left an impression which we shall never forget.

LOUISE GULICK (age 16).

CLARE, MICH.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa has bought you for twenty-one years. I like to read the volumes that were published before I was born.

The stories I like to read best are: "Sara Crewe," "Lady Jane," "Denise and Ned Toodles," "Elinor Arden, Royalist," "A Comedy in Wax," and "Queen Zixi of Ix." I have two brothers whose names are John and William. John is eight and William is six. They like to have me read the ST. NICHOLAS to them.

I have been a member of the St. Nicholas League three years, and my brothers would also like to become members.

I have sent away for a camera, and I am going to learn how to take pictures when it comes. Hoping to see my first letter published, I remain,

Your sincere reader,

HILDA DUNLOP.

NORTH NEWCASTLE, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy, and my father began with Volume I of ST. NICHOLAS and I began at Volume XXXII. My father was born in England. I have a sister nine years old and her name is Rebecca, and my name is Henry, and I am ten years old. We have two dogs: one is a skye-terrier and the other is a spaniel; we have a donkey, too.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much, and I think the story of "Queen Zixi of Ix" is very funny.

Yours truly,

HENRY NASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you. I like very much "Pinkey Perkins"; I liked especially well the one of December. I have a steam-engine and a steam-locomotive, but I don't think it is as nice as Pinkey's; but it has a whistle and a safety-valve and can go very nicely. Your loving reader,

ALFRED B. NORTH.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your enthusiastic readers. I especially like your serial stories. A few weeks ago I was in New York. I passed by your building, but from lack of time I failed to go in. Here there are several inches of snow and very good skating. I was very sorry when I heard of the death of Mrs. Dodge, and I am sure many others were. Hoping that all subscribers and officers of this magazine have a happy New Year,

I remain,

W. WALLACE ALWARD.

VANCOUVER BANKS, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just joined the League about two months ago. The first number I wrote for was December. My story was not published, but my name was on the first Roll of Honor, and you cannot imagine how surprised I was.

It encouraged me greatly, and seemed to put new vigor into my work.

My brothers have some chickens which do not lay eggs, and I have a cat.

I have taken you for five years, and my mother took you before I did.

A few of my favorite stories are "Queen Zixi of Ix," "Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy," "Denise and Ned Toodles," "From Sioux to Susan," and "The Crimson Sweater." There are many more I would like to mention, but it would take too long.

Your interested reader,

FRANCES SLADEN BRADLEY.

BATH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly favor me by printing this letter in ST. NICHOLAS? I shall be much obliged if some Japanese reader will send me, through the medium of your Letter-Box, particulars as to how rice is cooked in Japan.

I have read of its being steamed and sent to table with the grains separate one from the other. I do not know how this is accomplished.

With thanks,

I remain, yours faithfully, S. LEE BUSH.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and niece went away to the country early in March. They went to Napa Soda Springs. When I had my summer vacation from school, sister Bertha came down from the Springs, and took me up there for two weeks. I was very glad to see my niece Isabel again. We had fine times together, painting, drawing, playing ball, and many other things, and I was very sorry to go home again.

Just before the Fourth of July, grandma and I went to Santa Cruz for a week. We had a fine time at the beach, and Bennett's famous band played every evening.

From

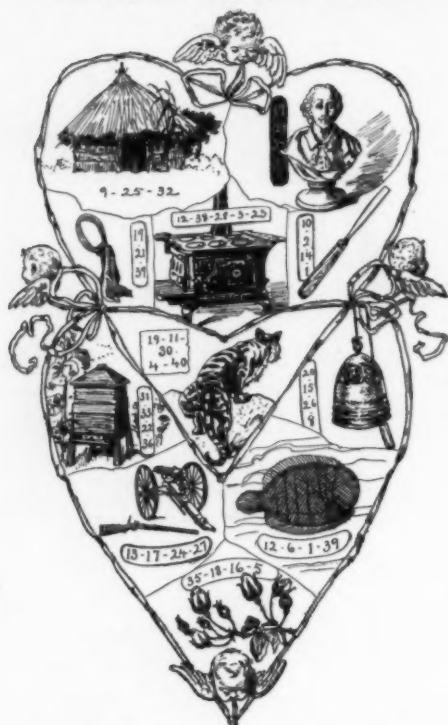
ENID FOOTE (age 13).

DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE.

READING ACROSS: 1. To split. 2. The first man.
3. To wander. 4. A feminine name.

READING DOWNWARD: 1. Scarce. 2. Anything worshipped. 3. A branch of the Orange River in Africa.
4. A feminine name.

MASON GARFIELD (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

IN this numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. When the eleven objects have been rightly guessed, and the letters set down in proper order, they will spell a quotation from "Twelfth Night."

V. D.

DIAMOND.

1. In riddles. 2. A moor. 3. To quit. 4. Motives.
5. To evade. 6. Finish. 7. In riddles.

"THE PUZZLERS."

A REVOLUTIONARY ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following words have been guessed and written one below the other, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell a name famous in Revolutionary days.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. A battle won on January 3, 1777. 2. A British general who surrendered October 17, 1777. 3. An American patriot who took a famous ride. 4. The colonel of the "Green Mountain Boys." 5. The river crossed by Washington in December, 1776. 6. A battle won by the British in

1777. 7. A city captured by Clinton in May, 1780. 8. A celebrated American statesman born in 1757. 9. A battle won by Stark in 1777. 10. A battle fought on October 7, 1780.

FLORENCE CASSIDY (Honor Member).

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

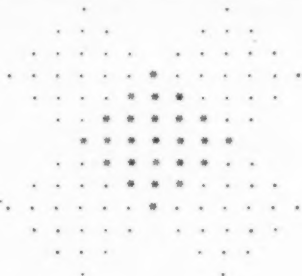
THREE FIFTHS of wrest,
Two fifths of chest,
And then three fifths of reins;
Three sevenths of trinity,
One half of dimity,
Then three eighths of disdains;
Next take three fifths of aloes,
And last one third of trains,
Then when these are guessed correctly
You will find three poets' names.
DAISY JAMES (Honor Member).

A BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following names have been rightly guessed, the initial letters will spell the name of a biblical character.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A tanner of Joppa. 2. A Hebrew patriarch. 3. The lawgiver of the Israelites. 4. The last letter of the Greek alphabet. 5. The mother-in-law of Ruth. 6. One of the disciples. 7. A Hebrew prophet of the ninth century B.C. 8. A convert and companion of the Apostle Paul. 9. The Persian name of the queen from whom one of the Old Testament books takes its name. 10. Relating to a very famous city.

KATHARINE OLIVER (League Member).

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In tardy. 2. Skill. 3. Pertaining to Arius. 4. Decorated. 5. Reduced from a state of native wildness and shyness. 6. A masculine nickname. 7. In tardy.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In tardy. 2. A light moisture. 3. The second King of Israel. 4. Contrived. 5. More learned. 6. One-half of a word which means pertaining to the skin. 7. In tardy.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In tardy. 2. A European bird of the crow family. 3. Gave medicine to. 4. A poltroon. 5. Having the strength exhausted by toil or exertion. 6. Arid. 7. In tardy.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In tardy. 2. To scatter seed. 3. A small party. 4. Multiplied by two. 5. Fortifies. 6. One half of a word meaning intention. 7. In tardy.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In tardy. 2. An affirmative. 3. Barks. 4. Delta-shaped. 5. To gush forth. 6. To be seated. 7. In tardy.

FREDERIC P. STORKE (League Member).

